JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 3. SATURDAY. JULY 28th. 1906. ONE PENNY.

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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The John Bull Investment Trust & Agency

Offices: FINSBURY HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.,

Assisted by two other Trustees to be Elected by the Subscribers.

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4. And generally to safeguard the interests of its subscribers against any encroachment on their rights and privileges on the part of promoters or directors or other persons connected with joint-stock companies.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER,

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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JOHN BULL'S BISCUITS.

AWARD NO. 15.

We have no hesitation in deciding that
THE REV. C. J. HUGHES,
Rector of Perivale,
TAKES THE BISCUIT,
for selling portions of his garden as a burial ground for his parishioners.

AWARD NO. 16.

For her treatment of Miss Marie Pothier, a lady's maid, who obtained the sympathy of Judge Woodfall in the Westminster County Court on Thursday,
THE COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT,
inscribed, ***noblesse oblige.***

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

Thank Heaven the Committee stage of the Education and Soul-Grabbing Bill is ended—and now the fun will begin. It is a wise child that knows its own father, and if ever this measure, in any form, becomes law, we predict that it will fail to recognise Mr. Birrell as its dad.

"Winston," as he is familiarly called in the House, does not often commit an error in tactics; but, probably owing to the excessive heat or to some other special cause, he has been blundering a bit lately. It was scarcely up to classic form to tell a Tory member that perhaps a certain answer would be clear "even to his intelligence"; and it was an undoubted error of judgment to introduce the head of the Mahdi into the discussion, by way of questions, of the Bambaata incident. It is true that both the Mahdi and Bambaata lost their heads—but that was after they were dead.

What on earth is the Government coming to? Here it is, with a heap of arrears of pressing social reform and other urgent work, suddenly taking under its wing the wretched Music Copyright Bill. Not content with "adopting" the Street Betting Bill, it must, forsooth, saddle itself with, and try sorely the loyalty of its supporters by pressing on, a second measure placing a large section of the community at the mercy of the police. There never was, and probably never will be, a more brilliant Attorney-General than Sir John Lawson Walton, but it was pitiful to see him struggling to explain away the mischief of this Bill. We hope, for the sake of his own great reputation, he may not be placed in a position of similar difficulty when the Betting Bill comes on. He must not give *us* such law as that to which he treated a weary House in the early hours of Friday morning last. It was not fair to the House, and it was grossly unfair to the Attorney-General that the eccentricities of the Government should force him into such a position.

We have been a bit disgusted at the ghoulish way in which, whilst his body was still warm, a section of the Press set about discussing the probable contents of the late Mr. Beit's will, and its value to the Chancellor of

the Exchequer. And at the same time we have been amused to observe how death has suddenly transformed the late financier from a demon into an angel. Do you remember Ella Wheeler Wilcox's verses, "If I should die"? If not, read them. Personally, we were never in great sympathy with Mr. Beit. Perhaps we failed to understand him. But we decline to join in the indecent pæans of praise to his memory, simply because his estate will yield some thousands to the national Exchequer, and probably some other benefactions to the State. Elsewhere we will tell, in his own words, as taken down not long ago from his own lips, the inner story of his life.

The *Daily News* has been discussing what kind of music may be played and sung "in blameless households on Sundays," and after reviewing a certain collection of "poems," etc., our contemporary remarks, "On the whole, we think that this little book contains several poems which may be so sung *without danger*." It then proceeds to indicate certain compositions which "are rather on the verge of things," and are "light and worldly," such as—

There was a lovely lady,
Imprisoned in a tower.
Where a dreadful dragon
Had her in his power.

Such words are only "fitted for production on a week-day." Did ever cant and humbug go further? Oh, that some dreadful dragon had the old lady of Bouverie Street in his power! Perhaps he has—and his name is Hypocrisy.

We must not leave this subject, however, without one more quotation: "At the end of the volume are a number of translations from the French and German, *none of which amount to very much*. One of these, from Heine, is the best thing in the collection. *It tinkles*." Imagine Heine tinkling! Does the poor creature who writes this nauseating piffle know what Heine said, on his very death-bed, about religious humbug of this kind?

In general, we are inclined to voice the cry of the late Baron Bramwell, "Please govern us as little as possible," but when the father with the slipper and the mother with the strap fail by united effort to suppress the propensity of the small boy for swaggering down the vale of life with a Flor de Tuppenny in his mouth, it may be desirable that he be brought within the jurisdiction of the magistrate and the policeman on the beat. The Committee on Juvenile Smoking recommend that powers of confiscation be given to the police, so what is bad for the boy may turn out to be good for the bobby. It now only remains for us to give the police power to confiscate all beer in the possession of children—and then an enterprising constable should have a good time of it.

That there have been isolated barbarities in the Zulu rebellion by native levies on the British side there can be no question. The Natal Government do not deny them; Mr. Churchill does not excuse them. But barbarities there always will be where native levies, unused to civilised warfare, are employed as British troops in a native war. In a famous outburst Lord Chatham protested against the employment of the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the savage in aid of the armies of Britain. When you oppose savage to savage, you can expect nothing but savagery, unless the savages fighting under the flag are kept well in hand by British officers. In Natal the levies have here and there got out of hand, and hence the killing of the wounded. But the facts, as we know them, do not in the smallest degree excuse the wild pro-Zulu outburst of Mr. Keir-Hardie. The British soldier is not a barbarian. He is the most humane fighter in the world.

The Squatters of Triangle Camp, Plaistow, appear to be doing themselves fairly well, and as annexing people's land seems likely to become more and more popular, we have considered it necessary in defence, not defiance, to double the watch on our humble territory and unchain the largest dogs by day and night. The last report we received from home was "All's Well."

After all, there may be some use in protesting against grandmotherly legislation when it comes before the House. When the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill was originally introduced, it proposed that all public-houses should be closed in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford throughout the *whole* of Sundays; that they should be closed at 9 o'clock on Saturdays; and that a bonâ fide traveller should not be served with refreshment on Sundays unless he had come at least *seven miles*, and, further, *unless he ordered and paid for a meal*. We ventured to ridicule and condemn these provisions as being contrary to both the interests of temperance and the principles of personal liberty. The Bill then went to the Standing Committee on Trade, and this is how it comes back: Public-houses are *to remain open* on Sundays in the cities mentioned till 5 o'clock (instead of 7 as heretofore), and till 10 o'clock on Saturdays; bonâ fide travellers need not have come more than *six* miles (quite far enough, we should have thought, in this weather, to make them thirsty), and need not order and pay for a meal they do not require! The promoters of the Bill say that this is a compromise. If so, it is about the most satisfactory one we can call to mind. We congratulate the Standing Committee of Trade upon their work. We much prefer seeing a man tipsy in the public street—where he can be taken charge of by a policeman—to making a beast of himself at home in the presence of his wife and children. No Sunday Closing legislation has ever yet succeeded in reducing the total consumption of alcohol. It simply drives the evil indoors and creates a vast illicit trade in drink.

One of the most damnatory and damnable charges made against the infamous General Mercier during the course of the Dreyfus trial was that of communicating secret documents to the Judges behind the back of the accused. To the Parisian public of that day this seemed a small matter; but the deep-rooted sentiments of justice in the British nation aroused the keenest indignation that such things could be. Our newspapers shrieked in their biggest capitals, not only at the suborning General, but at the suborned Judge. They wrote with biting scorn and stinging epithet. We were told *ad nauseam* that such a thing would be impossible in a British court of justice. And, of course, in our excessive virtue, we believed it all.

Yet here, on the first day of the Inquiry by the d'Angely Commission, is Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police, voluntarily informing the Commissioners that the procedure—mark the word—in cases in the Central Criminal Court was that "police inquiries about prisoners were reported to the Judge without any statement in the witness-box." No wonder Mr. Rufus Isaacs "looked startled at this answer." If it be true, it is a scandal and a disgrace to the Bench, for it means that police evidence is put in against prisoners behind their backs, and behind the backs of their counsel, without their having the slightest chance of refuting it. Though it may be false, the Judge may give it the value of the truth; and if it happen that the revealed evidence proves the particular charge, the Judge may give the prisoner a heavier sentence because of the "secret dossier" with which the police have provided him.

We are not only shocked at this revelation, but we feel humiliated in our self-righteousness. If it be the privilege of the police, who are the prosecutors, to communicate to the Judge matters not formally proved, why

should it not be the privilege of the prisoner or his counsel to creep up the backstairs, and whisper something in his lordship's ear also? Sir Henry, mind you, does not speak of this disgraceful perversion of justice as occurring in some special case. He says it is the procedure. If this be so, then the procedure must be altered without delay. Miscarriages of justice, sentences out of all proportion to the crime, releases without explanation by the Home Secretary—all these things become explicable after this revelation of the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the d'Angely Commissioners must probe it to the root.

The great army of the grey-haired will be cheered by the assurance of Professor Bouchard, of Paris, that the application of the Röntgen rays to the scalp will cause the hair to resume its original colour. Röntgen rays, therefore, once more reveal themselves as a boon and a blessing, and ladies of fifty still desiring to wear matinée hats as if they were sweet seventeen or delightful twenty-four, need no longer resort to the tints of the two-and-ninepenny bottle. The objection we see to the process, however, is that the application of the rays to the scalps of such persons may incidentally disclose the exact size and quality of their brains.

Following the determination of Mr. Asquith to discourage extraneous petticoat on his doorsteps in Cavendish Square, Mr. Haldane has decided to abolish it in the War Office. A return of officers who owe appointments or promotion to the blandishments of the society feminine exerted on War Ministers or eminent War Office officials would be interesting, and perhaps startling. But the day for that sort of thing is now past. Mr. Haldane has resolutely shut the doors of the War Office against the ladies, and the rustle of skirts in the corridors will be heard no more. Henceforth officers who try to use the social influence of their grandmothers, or their mothers, or their wives, or of those of other people, "will be dealt with accordingly." We are coming to that blessed word "efficiency," thank heaven, at last. But has Mr. Haldane never heard of similar influence at the Bar and on the Bench?

We advert again to the proposal that strap-hanging should be permitted in tramway cars within the Metropolitan area, for we note that a deputation from the West Ham Tramways Committee recently waited on the Home Secretary with the object of inducing him to secure the favour of the Government for it. At present the strap-hanging nuisance is a monopoly of the railway and tube companies, and the travelling public, the victims, are deprived of every means of redress. Morning after morning and night after night men and women are herded together, often in indelicate confusion and always in extreme discomfort. If the Government permit strap-hanging on tramcars, a similar condition of things will result. Protest can hardly be made in terms too strong or too emphatic, and if Ministers have any sense of public convenience or public decency, they will refuse to give the West Ham proposals any countenance whatever.

Three mothers travelling, respectively first, second, and third class on a North German liner, gave birth, during its last voyage, to six children between them; the mother travelling first-class being blessed with one, she in the second-class with twins, and the other, in the third-class, with triplets. It is as well that the ship had no fourth-class berths.

The last, and most novel, point which has arisen upon the construction of the Workmen's Compensation Act is, Can a man be compelled to undergo a surgical operation? It appears that three years ago a workman was awarded fifteen shillings a week in respect of injuries received in the course of his work. Somebody (probably a doctor) has now been telling his employers that "an operation" is all that is required to cure the unfortunate man. He, however, does not appear keen on the idea, and declines the kind invitation to step up upon the operating table, and submit himself to the mercy of the surgeon—and we don't blame him. He prefers his fifteen bob a week. But what says the Judge of the Southwark County Court? "I have no power to compel him to undergo the operation, but in order to *induce* him to do so, I will reduce his allowance to *a penny* per week; and then if he does undergo the operation, *and if it is unsuccessful*, he can come to me again, and apply to have the allowance increased." We shall be curious to see whether this decision is permitted to stand. Call it law! It is the negation of law.

As Mr. Balfour would say: "Are we living a life of illusions?" Only the other day, a shopman caused the arrest of a customer, who would persist in paying a bill he did not owe, and now we have the case of Walter Stratton, whom our paternal Government—which appears just now to have more money than it knows what to do with—has had arrested at St. Albans for failing to apply for his reserve pay. The only precedent there is for this proceeding is the case of two of our soldiers who were captured by the Boxers during the late rising, and whose pay was stopped for the term of their captivity, on the ground that they were "absent without leave."

W. S. Gilbert is still without a knighthood, but Madame Marchesi, M. Saint-Saëns, and Herr Hollman have just received the medal for Music, Art, and Science from our King and Queen. Thus is British Art encouraged! "Another drop of that 'ere entente cordial," as the sailor said to the lady behind the bar.

We do not know the gentleman who writes the London Letter of the *Daily News*, but we make no apology for extracting the following paragraph from his contribution to that journal of the 16th inst.:—"It was a very poor district, and it was easy to see that many of the families were in arrears for rent or other payments. 'At one elector's house,' says the canvasser, 'meeting with the usual story that "mother is out, and father too," I was amused to see the lady of the house spying at me through a chink of the door. So, to put her at ease, I said with a smile, "I suppose you thought I had called about the rent?" "No, sir," she replied, "to tell you the truth, I thought you was the mangle!"'"

Nor do we apologise for quoting the following from our own columns of precisely a month earlier:—"During the recent election I was canvassing a poor district, where almost everything is bought upon the hire, or tally system. Most of the families are in arrear with one or other of their payments, and it is a matter of difficulty for a black-coated stranger to find anybody 'at home.' At one house, meeting with the usual story that 'mother is out, and father too,' I espied the lady of the establishment peeping at me from a back door, and, making myself known to her, I observed by way of putting her at her ease, 'I suppose you thought I had called about the rent, or the sewing machine?' 'No, sir,' she replied, 'to tell you the truth, *I thought you was the mangle*'!" Evidently the Nonconformist Conscience is out of harmony with journalistic traditions.

The point to remember about Servia is this. The British Government told Servia they would only renew relations if the regicides were removed. General Gruich was ready to send them out of the country. The adventurer Pashich told Peter he could make better terms with England for the regicides. So Peter made Pashich Premier. Then Pashich fooled Sir Edward Grey into believing that the regicides would be retired. Having

secured the resumption of relations, which was all he wanted, Pashich only removed five regicides from the army with compliments and thanks and full pay. The others remain in the army. Indeed, the regicides are as much in power as ever, and their friends are laughing at Sir Edward Grey. The new British Minister will be subjected to all sorts of insults and annoyances. The regicide party openly boast of this. The moral is: Put not your confidence in rogues.

A few years ago Pashich was living on the charity of a Russian committee. Now he is a millionaire (in dinars). Where did he get his money?

Colonel Mashin, the arch-murderer, has recently been to Nish, with the connivance of King Peter, to prepare the garrison for a military coup d'état.

M. Chedo Mijatovich, ex-Minister from Servia to the Court of St. James's, has been contributing his impressions of England to the "Shtampa," of Belgrade. He describes how he met an aristocratic, beautiful and accomplished lady, who congratulated him on the artistic and poetic gifts of Servians. "Ah!" he exclaimed with pride and pleasure, "you have seen the pictures of a Servian painter in Bond Street!" "I have seen them," she replied "but, to tell you the truth, I did not think much of them." "Then you have read the Servian poems translated by Owen Meredith?" "Oh! yes, but I was not particularly impressed." "In that case, may I ask how you came to form a flattering estimate of Servian art and poetry?" "Yes, I have become acquainted with a young Servian cutter at Redfern's, and his creations are indeed artistic and poetical. He is black-eyed and beautiful, and I assure you he is the bosom-friend of a very great number of ladies in the highest circles of society. Their relations have been most intimate." The ex-Minister hastened to call upon this prodigy, and found him as fascinating as he had been described. "Indeed," says Monsieur Mijatovich, "I found that he had enjoyed a far closer intimacy with great ladies than ever I did during seven years as the representative of my country." What has Madame Mijatovich to say to this ingenuous confession?

This article has scandalised even so low an exponent of morals as the regicide organ, "Novi Pokret" (which might be freely translated "The New Hypocrite."). That paper publishes an amusing parody describing a conversation with a noble lady, who expresses admiration for Servian art and poetry. "Ah!" she is told, "I suppose you have seen our friend Chedo Mijatovich." "Yes," she replies, "I have seen him, but to tell you the truth, I did not think much of him. My admiration is reserved for a tailor's cutter, with whom I have had the most intimate relations."

We wonder whether M. Mijatovich invented his funny story. If it was true, we imagine the young lady's male relations may ask for five minutes' private conversation with the ex-Minister.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, whom the Yankees would not make President, was the recipient of innumerable kindnesses when he recently visited England. His return is to write in a yellow journal that England has impoverished India by legalised pillage. Perhaps she has—but it is not pleasant to hear it from our late guest.

In the report on the examination of officers for promotion to the Staff College, it is lamented that "the fact that the greatest Russian waterway, the Volga, empties itself into the Black Sea, was noticed but by few." Considering that the Volga is popularly supposed to flow into the Caspian, this oversight appears pardonable.

The Right Honourable John, by dint of sheer capacity, by downright and upright earnestness and energy, by clear vision and firm grip and stern personality, has lived down the campaign of malice and malignity directed against him on his advent to the Cabinet. Both inside and outside the House, by Liberals and Tories alike, by everybody in fact, except a very small group who are jealous of him, it is recognised that there is now at the head of the Local Government Board a man who has brawn as well as brains. Even the "Daily Mail," a paper which used to speak of him in terms which would have been offensive applied by the Almighty towards a blackbeetle, is compelled to admit that "he has taken a characteristically firm grasp" of the unemployed problem. With characteristically firm grasp, indeed, he is doing all his work.

No appointment has so utterly confounded the prophets of evil. In quarters not invariably Tory, it was anticipated that the Local Government Board would become the focus and epitome of the wildest of wild flapdoodle. As a surprise, they find it under the effective control of a statesman who knows how to keep his head out of the clouds. He neither panders to his class, nor consents to be bullied by its. But he knows it, tries to understand its vital needs, and seeks its betterment through practical knowledge. Through him, two hundred thousand pounds will go to the unemployed from the Consolidated Fund, and the programme to which he has pledged himself and the Government in such matters as reafforestation, small holdings, allotments, coastal reclamation, and so forth, is solidly practical. John Bull congratulates John Burns. More power to his elbow.

We are more than ever inclined to think that if any British Upton Sinclair had the means of getting at the truth, and had the courage to express it, there would be "Jungle" revelations in this country of a character which would set the public hair on end. Take the recent case at Brentford, where a British firm, Messrs. Richard Dickeson and Co., provision merchants and army contractors, were heavily fined for selling potted ham which was an ingenious, and no doubt tasty, blend of boracic acid and oxide of iron. It is surely scandalous that stuff of this sort should be deliberately manufactured and sold for human food. The case here is simply one of being found out. How many other firms are playing the Chicago game with the people's health in England? Every local authority should have a sufficient number of inspectors armed with adequate powers to keep the whole process of food manufacture in sight at every factory within its boundaries. This is practical Socialism. Now then, John!

It was Mr. Fordham who remarked that, in the popular language of the day, it had become the fashion to speak of the "gentleman in the dock" and "the bloke on the bench." But in lowering the standard of dignity in speech and manner which should characterise their courts, judges and magistrates are themselves the chief offenders. In a case the other day a witness said that the evidence of a former witness seemed to him to have been somewhat exaggerated. This way of putting the matter apparently disturbed the magistrate, who hurriedly translated the sentence into the vernacular, saying, "Oh! he was piling it on a bit, was he?" We are not told if the reply was "Not 'arf!"

We came across a story the other day which, though of the chestnut genus, is worth repeating. A prisoner having been found guilty, was being sentenced to five years' penal servitude. But he interposed a plea for mercy on the ground that he was a consumptive, and could not possibly live out such a sentence. "In that case," said the kindly judge, "the Court will take a merciful view, and the sentence will be penal servitude for the term of your natural life."

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

No Work on Saturdays.

Some weeks ago we directed attention in these notes to the curious procedure of Lord Justice Vaughan Williams in decreeing that Appeal Court No. 2 should not sit on every other Saturday. That meant that once a fortnight this Court was to take without warrant two hours and a half. Now the same judge has announced that the Court over which he presides will no longer sit on Saturday, but will sit half an hour earlier on the five working days of the week. In a way, this change puts the Court right with the public. Instead of sitting one hour and a quarter each week less than the other Court of Appeal, and the ordinary Courts, it will sit the same time, making up the loss of Saturday by longer sittings on other days. So far good, but it would be interesting to know how the judges of one particular Court bring themselves to believe that they are entitled to take isolated action of this kind. There may be something to be said for doing away with Saturday sittings altogether, but that is quite another matter; and if they are to be done away with the change should be made decently, and in order. Meantime, and having regard to the long list of arrears the Appeal Courts have to deal with, we should have thought that judges having some regard for the public interest and convenience would not think of abolishing a half-day's sitting in the week. It would have been a graceful recognition of public needs if Lord Justice Vaughan Williams had intimated that until arrears are fewer Court No. 2 would sit every morning at ten and every day of the week. But that is not the way in which our latter-day judges construe their obligations to the public.

"Harsh and Unconscionable."

The House of Lords has given once for all the proper interpretation of a much-disputed clause in the Money-lenders' Act of 1900. Under that Act the Court may re-open a transaction, and take an account between the money-lender and the person sued, upon two conditions:—

(1) That the interest charged in respect of the sum actually lent is excessive, or that the amount charged for expenses, etc., is exorbitant.

(2) That the transaction is harsh and unconscionable, or is otherwise such that a Court of Equity would give relief.

The meaning and effect of these words have been in dispute. Mr. Justice Ridley, whose authority on matters of law is of the smallest, and Mr. Justice Channell, who is an able lawyer, held that it is not enough that the transaction be harsh and unconscionable, unless it be so in the sense in which Courts of Equity have applied that language in granting relief to expectant heirs, and others in a like situation. The Court of Appeal upset this definition of the law, and the House of Lords has now unanimously decided that the Court of Appeal was right, and Mr. Justice Ridley wrong.

"What an intolerable strain would be thrown upon inferior Courts unfamiliar with the doctrines and the practices of Courts of Equity," said Lord MacNaughten, "if they were condemned or privileged to listen to lengthy arguments and venerable precedents, before deciding a question which any man of common sense is just as capable of deciding as the most learned judge in the land, if he is not hampered by authorities which require no little training to discriminate and appreciate at their full value." It is refreshing to listen to such robust common-sense coming from the Bench. The House of Lords has now decided that excessive interest of itself is sufficient to render a contract harsh and unconscionable, and so to entitle the debtor to relief. What amounts to excessive interest is to be determined by the tribunal in each case, the question of risk being a material matter for consideration. When excessive interest is apparently established, facts that tend to show that such excess does not render the contract harsh and unconscionable should be proved in evidence by the lender. This burden is on him. Such is the law, and it is satisfactory to have it from a tribunal whose decision is final. The odd thing is that, having regard to the language of the Act, any judge should have been of a different opinion.

"Thoughtless Misconduct."

It is the pleasant belief of many people in this country that the law is no respecter of persons, but readers of the law reports find it difficult to subscribe without hesitation to this comforting doctrine. Take, for example, a case in the Bankruptcy Court a few days ago. An ex-Army officer, who failed in 1903, applied for his discharge. Proofs had been admitted for over £16,000. It appeared that the debtor had acted as private secretary to a peer for about eighteen months previous to the middle of 1899, when with £1,000 given him by the latter he purchased shares in a mining company in which he became a director. Towards the end of 1899 he obtained a commission in the Imperial Yeomanry, and served in South Africa till January, 1901. Since then he has been engaged in mining and other speculations. The offences reported were insufficient assets, rash and hazardous speculation, and that he had been guilty of misconduct in having used for his own purposes a sum of £5,000 entrusted to him to buy particular shares which were never delivered. Insufficient assets, rash and hazardous speculation—these are common offences of men who find themselves in the Bankruptcy Court, but the misappropriation of £5,000 stands in a very different category. An unfortunate trader may deserve sympathy, but a fraudulent bailee has qualified for gaol. Yet we find a Registrar referring to this misappropriation as "thoughtless misconduct." It certainly was "misconduct" and in a sense it may have been "thoughtless misconduct," for probably few men who steal think out all the possible consequences of theft. But it is surely a little strange to find the Registrar talking about "thoughtless misconduct" in the case of a man who is handed £5,000 with directions to use it in a particular way, and who instead appropriates it for his own purposes.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

BAILY (Harrow).—You must obtain an injunction to abate the nuisance.

MCVEAGH (Southsea).—The decision of the clerk of the works is final.

TURNER (Salford).—The magistrates will grant you a maintenance order

BIGGS (York).—We cannot advise you to take action; the occasion was privileged.

FORD (Liverpool).—You can obtain a decree of separation, but not of divorce.

A. H. (Cowes).—The landlord is within his rights, though he has acted very harshly.

B. H. (Folkestone).—You can recover from the broker, but should move quickly.

WILSON (Leeds).—Write the Official Receiver to send you a form of proof and proxy.

PATRICK (Cork).—The certificate, as signed, is quite valid, and gives you a good title.

MCCULLAGH (Bray).—The Official Liquidator can proceed against you in the Irish courts.

BAILLIE (Manchester).—We are making special inquiries. Will reply fully to you next week.

MCKENZIE (Aberdeen).—The widow takes the whole estate, it being less in value than £500.

LAIRD (Paisley).—The English courts have no jurisdiction. You must take action in Scotland.

DAVIDSON (Inverness).—You were too late in withdrawing your application. You must pay the calls.

JAMES (Ryde).—It will be necessary that the will be proved in solemn form. Consult a local solicitor.

GEORGE (Belfast).—You are entitled to no dividend until the creditors' claims have been paid in full.

EDWARDS (Bedford).—As assignee, you are liable under the covenant, to leave in good repair at the end of the term.

INQUIRER (Scarborough).—Get the necessary forms from the Inland Revenue, and apply for a return of the overpaid duty.

DAVID (Trouville).—Your broker followed the usual custom, and we think rightly so. You have no cause of complaint.

M. B. (Dundrum).—It is too late now to take proceedings. The amount involved is small, and you had better bear the present loss.

E. N. H. (Bradford).—You should give notice appealing against the assessment, and support it by evidence before the Commissioners.

KING (Harrogate).—The bank manager is right. He is entitled first to see the probate of the will, and to register it in the bank's books.

KEMP (Leicester).—The Act gives power to the Board of Trade to grant an investigation, but the terms are onerous and costly, and the power is rarely put in force.

G. S. (Cambridge).—If the policy was issued under the Married Women's Property Acts, and you are named in it, you are entitled to receive the money free from creditors' claims.

JESSE J. (Southampton).—The auctioneer's misstatement enables you to determine the contract and recover the deposit, or you may obtain a reduction in the purchase price, as the value is seriously affected.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

The Allsopp Amalgamation.

Notwithstanding the adverse opinion of the Chairman of the Investigation Committee, and the numerous arguments that have been submitted against the scheme, the directors of Allsopps are persisting in the amalgamation scheme, and it is not impossible, or perhaps unlikely, that they have voting strength enough behind them to carry it. None the less, it is to be hoped that their opponents will not slacken in their opposition. The record of the Board is not such that the directors are entitled to ask shareholders to waive their own opinions in deference to the official view. The objections to the scheme are summarised most ably by Mr. Robert Yeomans in a letter to the *Times*. He points out that the estimate of profit to be derived from the additional trade is based on last year's figures only, and that no allowance is made for the loss of free trade that results when an old-established small business is taken over by a large public company. He shows that the combined profits of the two concerns were less than £38,000, and that there is no ground for the assumption of the Allsopp directors that they will be able to expand them into £123,000; and that the capital loss to be sustained by Allsopps, through the closing of the two large breweries of the company to be taken over, must be heavy, since the value of a brewery in Burton is almost annihilated by its closing. It follows that the benefits to be derived from the fusion are highly questionable, whilst the onerous burdens to be placed on the shoulders of the Allsopp shareholders admit of no dispute. What are these burdens? A new stock of at least £400,000 or £500,000 to be placed before the Preference and Ordinary stock, and a fixed charge of £105,000 per annum for the first two years, and £87,500 each subsequent year before the Preference and Ordinary stockholders receive anything. Will the shareholders accept this burden, in consideration of the very problematic advantages promised? Even the majority of the Advisory Committee only recommended the scheme assuming the estimated profits to be correct, a very big assumption. However, it is for the proprietors to decide, and if they put their judgment in the keeping of directors who are past masters in muddling, they will only have themselves to blame when, as is most probable, they find that the amalgamation has made a bad position hopeless. They have had ample warning.

The Gordon Hotels.

It cannot be said that the report of this company for the financial year ended May 31 last, is exhilarating reading for shareholders. There are encouraging points in it, as, for example, an increase of £11,000 in gross receipts earned with an increase of only £1,400 in working expenses, and of less than £4,000 in the cost of supplies. But the net profit is the lowest ever made by the company, and whilst £4,528, interest derived from investments, is added to the reserve, that fund is drawn upon on account of capital expenditure to the extent of £15,095. Shareholders were reminded in the 1903 report that the expenditure on repairs and maintenance must "necessarily show an upward tendency," and for 1905-6 the cost of maintenance and repairs was no less than £62,788. This is an item that must be expected to go on increasing, and it would be a fatal policy to limit it for the mere purpose of lessening expenditure. It may be taken that the profits for the past year would have been a good deal better but for the closing of the Charing Cross Station for five months, and the diversion of the continental traffic of that station. Working expenses, too, seem to be carefully looked after, but it is to be feared that a return to the pleasant days when the ordinary shares got a 10 per cent. dividend is still distant. That dividend has declined from 10 to 8, from 8 to 4, from 4 to 3, and whilst it may fairly be hoped that at 3 it has touched bottom, and that it will soon be on the up grade again, it can hardly be other than comparatively small for some years to come.

Railway Rates on the Gold Coast.

At a meeting of the Mines and General Trust Company a day or two ago the Chairman of the Company, Mr. Davis, referred to the railway rates ruling in the Gold Coast Colony, and denounced them as monstrous. We do not think that the word is at all too strong. Presumably the railway was constructed for the purpose of developing the country and encouraging industries, one of the principal of which is gold mining. But how does it encourage them on the West Coast? Explosives are charged 2s. 6d. per ton per mile, against 2¾d. in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, and 3d. in Rhodesia; on iron and steel the charge is 1s. 3d., against 2d. and 3d. in the other Colonies named; on lubricants 2s., against 2d. and 4½d.; on provisions 2s., against 2d. and 4½d.; on imported timber 1s. 3d., against 13.5d. and 3d.; on chemicals, including cyanide, 2s., against 2d. and 3d.; on mining machinery 2s., against 2d. and 3d. Just think of it! No one would say that railway rates in the Transvaal are low at all, but as compared with the Gold Coast Colony they are dirt cheap. What is the explanation of these extraordinary railway charges on the Gold Coast? It is largely to be found in the cost of the line; 168 miles of railway connecting Sekondi with Coomassie cost £1,674,512, and this only includes as equipment 16 locomotives, 18 carriages, and 196 trucks. Yet this line might have been built at a saving of £582,512, or roughly 33 per cent. Very responsible contractors offered to build it at this price, but the Crown Agents refused to give them the contract, as they refused to give the same firm the contract for the railway wanted in Honduras. Instead, the Crown Agents, supported by the Colonial Office, preferred to have the line built under the supervision of their own people, and in so doing threw away over a million sterling. It is the same experience as that of British Honduras. Here again eminent private contractors offered to build the railway the Colony wanted at a price many hundreds of thousands of pounds below that which, according to the Crown Agents and the Colonial Office, it would cost to build. It would be bad enough if in these railway matters the Crown Agents and the Colonial Office insisted upon acting upon the advice of a consulting engineer who had no interest whatever in recommending alternative schemes, but as we showed on a recent occasion, this is very far from being the case where contracts are being given out in which the Crown Agents have the determining voice. Is there no one in Parliament who will force this scandal upon the attention of the Government, for scandal it is? Crown Colonies are helpless. They are at the mercy of the Imperial Government; they are in the hands of the Crown Agents and the Colonial Office; nor is it only now and again that they have to complain that their interests are ignored by those who officially represent them. Whenever there is a question of some big contract to be given out, of some railway, say, to be constructed, there is sure to be sharp differences of opinion between the Crown Agents and the Colony concerned. The Colony wants the work done in a particular way; eminent British firms are willing to do it in that way, but the Crown Agents step in and insist upon it being done in some other way, at a cost twice or thrice that which would meet all the requirements and wishes of the Colony. This has been the recent experience of British Guiana, of Honduras, of the Gold Coast Colony, and now in Ceylon there is sharp controversy on the same subject of railway construction. What does Lord Elgin say to it all?

NEW ISSUES.

FRISWELL (1906), LIMITED.

This company offers for subscription 50,000 Preference shares, and 50,000 Ordinary shares, all of £1 each; 10,000 Preference and 15,000 Ordinary shares being reserved for future use if required, and the balance of 25,000 Ordinary shares (capital, £150,000) are taken, with £82,500 in cash, by the vendors as purchase consideration. Of this consideration £72,500 represents good will. The company acquires as

a going concern the business of motor-car auctioneers and agents, and dealers in cars, motor clothing, and accessories carried on by Friswell, Limited, at Albany Street, Regent's Park. Messrs. Tribe, Clarke, Pantin and Co. work out the net profits for 1904 at £17,176, and for 1905 at £17,567, but in order to reach these figures they have to exclude "directors' fees, managing director's salary, and Income Tax." Why they should stop there we do not know. They might as well exclude rent as income tax, clerks' salaries as the salary of the managing director, auditor's fee as the fee-paid directors. But the framers of the prospectus seem to think there is some advantage in leaving out these items, and, of course, auditors have no objection provided they are allowed to state that the omissions have been made. We do not see why the profits for the years preceding 1903 should not have been given, and we think £72,500 an excessive price for the good will, but if the profits are maintained at anywhere near what they may be taken to have been in 1905, there should be enough to pay a substantial dividend upon the ordinary shares after proper provision has been made for fixed and other charges. The odd thing is that the vendor company, with its capital of £40,000, should have sold the business for £75,000, to be re-sold for £107,500, the original vendors remaining in the present management.

The CLEVELAND AND DURHAM ELECTRIC POWER, LIMITED, having a share capital of £1,000,000, in 70,000 five per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, 70,000 six per cent. participating Ordinary shares, and 60,000 Deferred shares, all of £5, invite subscriptions for all the Preference and Ordinary shares. The company is formed with the object of developing the supply of electric power in Cleveland and the county of Durham, and in certain districts in Northumberland, and it acquires practically all the shares in the Cleveland and Durham County Electric Power Company, and a controlling interest in the Northern Counties Electricity Supply Company. The directors have secured the services of Messrs. Merz and McLellan, who, as engineers to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Electric Supply Company, have been responsible for the development and engineering of the power undertaking on Tyneside. The directors say that "the company should, from the commencement, earn sufficient to pay the full dividend on the Preference, and a gradually increasing dividend on the Ordinary shares." As to the Deferred shares, no dividend is payable in any year until the Ordinary shares have received for the year a dividend of 6 per cent., when they will get half of what may remain to be divided. It will be seen that the Ordinary, and much more the Deferred, shares are of a speculative character, but the Board is a very practical one, a good deal of capital has already been expended, the area to be worked is promising, and we think that the Ordinary shares are a good "lock-up."

THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "SKETCH," LIMITED, has just announced an interim dividend for the first six months of 1906, at the rate of 2½ per cent., the lowest in the history of the company. Last year the ordinary dividend of the company was reduced from 4½ to 3 per cent., and it looks as if this year's return will be smaller. The outlook for sixpenny illustrated journals does not improve.

The Rhodesian gold output for June, and for the six months ended June, were records, being in the one case 47,664 ozs., and the other 262,377 ozs. They compare with 46,729 ozs. and 197,445 ozs. for the same period of 1905.

The issue of 30,000 Preferred shares in Lovell and Christmas has been applied for several times over, and the bonds of the Chilian Transandine Railway were fully covered by subscription. So with the Temiscouata Railway Prior Lien issue.

INQUIRIES.

TRAINING COLLEGE.—G. L. L. (Norwood).—We have heard it well spoken of.

VARIOUS BONDS.—W. P. (Glasgow).—They are all quite safe, but we should not advise a purchase.

MANGANESE ORE.—F. T. (Croydon).—There are deposits in St. Helena, and the Cape Manganese Ore Company have been thinking of working them; but our information is that the ore is too poor to be worked profitably.

HUDSON'S BAYS.—W. H. (Worcester).—For your purpose you could hardly make a better selection.

THE ECONOMIC THRIFT SOCIETY.—J. S. (Hackney).—See what was said about the concern in our last issue. You have only to read the prospectus of the concern to satisfy yourself of the character of the whole business. You must wait over forty years before you are entitled to a pension, and the odds are that the Society will be dead in four months.

MARKET KEYNOTES.

The Spirit of Unrest.

"Unrest" is the keynote in all sections of the Stock Exchange. The same may be said of the market influences responsible for the present depression. The Continental Bourses are all apprehensive with regard to the unrest in Russia, and this affects International markets. Uncertainty prevails as to the credit of big financial firms at home, and this is responsible for the constant sagging of Consols. In America it is the unrest of public opinion, due to the constant stream of disclosures of the methods of high finance in that Land of Trusts, that Wall Street fears more than the usual autumn money squeeze. In South Africa the unrest of the native population in Natal and, to a minor extent on the Rand itself, has been the cause of the continued weakness of Kaffir shares, and we have recently had Sir Edward Grey's significant warning that similar conditions prevail among the Mohammedan population in North Africa. Where is it all to end? Will the world's troubles gradually simmer down, or are we on the eve of a great upheaval?

The Trouble of Russians.

The most serious trouble at the moment is our share in Russian finance. Thanks to the imprudence of a big financial house that might surely have been satisfied with a steady income of £100,000 per annum, our markets have become involved in Russian bonds just when we should be congratulating ourselves on our superior foresight to our neighbours across the Channel. We were told when the London portion of the new loan was floated that the British public had responded eagerly, and one evening, after the lists were closed, the scrip was bid for at 4½ premium "after hours" in the street market. The bluff has been quickly exposed. The few public applications were those of stags. The underwriters were landed with the bulk of the loan, and they are now struggling to sell at 7 discount to avoid the payment of the calls which St. Petersburg needs too sorely to permit delay. The loss to one or two firms must already be terrific. Will the Bank of England have again to come to the rescue?

Foreign Railway Opportunities.

The Foreign Railway market was heavily hit recently by the forced sales to wind up the account of a deceased solicitor, whom few had suspected of running a big speculative position. By unlucky mischance it is this same section that is involved largely in the Russian *débâcle*, many of the same financiers being interested in both directions. Good railway stock is going overboard to pay calls to bolster up the Tsar's precious Government. In this case the speculator's importunity gives the investor his opportunity. The big Argentine companies have built up magnificent reserves, which should, ensure maintenance of current dividends in the future, and although with rising working costs there is little reason to anticipate increased distributions, their stocks, from an investor's standpoint, are cheap as yielding 5½ per cent. upwards. San Paulos, in the Brazilian group, are now at the lowest of the year, and yield 6 per cent., although current traffics show splendidly. Mexican Rails are bought by the knowing division on all reactions. We believe that there will be a dividend on the ordinary within three years, and the 6 per cent. second prefs., at a little over 50, are one of the best lock-ups now offering.

Nitrate shares will show activity this autumn. Strenuous efforts are being made to "interest" the provinces. The effect of this summer spade-work will be seen when the autumn interim dividends commence to appear.

How many of the recent motor omnibus companies will ever put a vehicle on the street? Their directors were in a greater hurry to go to allotment than they are to commence serious business.

The London Central Motor 'Bus Company asked for £230,000. It secured £11,503—and took it! The London Standard went to allotment with 31,773 out of 250,000 £1 shares offered.

Textile shares are being boomed energetically, but investors should watch the India boycott news. This is a more serious matter than Lancashire cares to admit.

Dolcoaths have merit, and would be quoted higher, but for the interest which an outside firm is showing in their exploitation. The dividend now due will be 1s. 6d. Clitters? Cornwall will not have them at any price!

How I Came from Poverty to Riches.

Mr. ALFRED BEIT'S OWN ACCOUNT.

Transcribed by FRANK HARRIS.

It is the development of a man, the growth of him, that is of supreme interest to his fellows: whoever can tell this story is sure of hearers; but how much more sure when the story is that of the master of millions in a day when all would be rich if they could.

It was in Mr. Beit's house in Park Lane some eight years ago that I put him to the question. We were seated in the room which was at once a sort of rockery and palm-garden; a room of brown rocks and green ferns and tesselated pavement—an abode of grateful dim coolness and shuttered silence, silence made noticeable, as it were framed off, by the vague hum of the outside world.

Barney Barnato.

We had been talking of Kimberley and his early days there and his first successes, and I was eager to learn how, even in the race for wealth, he had outstripped a man like Barney Barnato, who had reached Kimberley years before him, and who had never cared for anything in his life but money, and had sought it night and day with the meanness of avarice which collects pennies and saves crusts, or, better still, which dines sumptuously at someone else's expense, and with the passionate Jew greed which finds a sensual delight in the mention of gold and silver, and diamonds and pearls, and rubies—above all, rubies, hued like pigeon's blood, and more precious than a thousand times their weight in refined gold. In spite of his savage greed and Oriental garishness, Barney Barnato had a touch of genius in him, and wasn't easily beaten at his own game. Everyone in South Africa will tell you how Barney always went out in the morning without a penny in his pocket, and how he often returned at night with hundreds of pounds. Talking of this one day, a stranger said that it must be luck; no one could go out with nothing and get £500 honestly in the day. The stress laid on the "honestly" angered Barney. "Would you bet £500 on that?" he asked, the sturdy little figure planted stiffly and the beaked nose and pugnacious jaw outthrust. "Yes, I would," replied the stranger. "Done, then," Barney hastened to clinch the matter; "put up your money, and I'll table mine, and show you how it's done to-morrow at your expense. And, mind you, I'll do it in my stride; I was going to the races to enjoy my little self and not to make money, but now I'll enjoy myself and make money, too, and you shall see me do it—and pay for the pleasure—eh!"

How Barney Won his Bet.

In the morning a crowd accompanied Barney to the racecourse; the first person he noticed was an old woman who sold ginger-beer and other temperance drinks. With her Barney held a rapid whispered talk; after finding that she usually made £5 on the day, Barney offered her £6, and then £7 for her stock: the woman was willing to sell, but wanted her money in advance. Barney, however, easily persuaded her to give him credit till he had sold out, when he promised her £1 extra for trusting him. "You 'ave it all under your eye, missus; I shan't run away, and a pound is twenty shillin's." As soon as he was in possession, Barney mounted a chair, and began to sell the ginger-beer at auction. A crowd collected in a trice. No one had ever heard patter like his: the impudence of the Jew boy, the vocabulary of Petticoat Lane; the accent of an East End cockney all combined to set off a Cheap Jack's gift of the first order. Barney was an inimitable auctioner; he had immense strength, untiring physical vivacity, and no small gift of coarse humour. As soon as you smiled he had sold you a bottle, and when you came to pay his rapacity was inexhaustible, his knowledge of the coarser side of human nature extraordinary. "Of course, you 'ave no change, sir; you don't carry coppers; they'd spoil your figger" (with a wink to the audience); "you're more used to payin' for champagne at the Savoy for a couple of Gaiety beauties—now, aren't you?—than buyin' ginger-pop on the Kimberley racecourse. You didn't come here to pinch diamonds on the q.t. like some as I know" (roars from the crowd, who appreciated the personal hit), "blessed if you did. Sixpence! Thank you, sir; that takes the bottle. But the cork, sir; you've forgotten that" (uncorks the bottle as he speaks, and lays the cork solemnly by the side of the glass). "When the waiter shows you the name on the cork you give him a bob, now, don't you? And you could 'ardly treat me worse than a waiter . . ." and so forth. The humour was vulgar perhaps, and reads badly; but the voice and accent were richly humorous, and the mimicking of gesture and facial play quite wonderful. The end of it was that Barney sold his ginger-beer for nearly £60, and, with £52 clear, put on his old bookmaker's bag, with "Barney, from London," printed on it, and began to "lay the field" as he used to do; after the last race he had netted over £3,000.

Not an easy man to beat at making money, for he was unsurpassable in greed, absolutely free of scruple or of fear, and as iron-jawed at keeping as he was quick-witted at getting. Not an easy man to beat, and yet Alfred Beit had beaten him, though Barney must have been worth a good bit when young Beit first reached Kimberley and international competition. What manner of man, then, was this Alfred Beit?

Alfred Beit.

In person Mr. Beit was not very remarkable: he was short—shorter even than Barney Barnato—and plump; in later days the plumpness became fat. But even in his prime he seemed to have "run to head"; the great round ball appeared too large for the little body and small limbs; but it was excellently well-shaped, the forehead very broad, and high-domed to reverence and idealism, like a poet's; the rest of the face was not so good; the nose fairly large, but slightly beaked, not noticeably fleshy—a good rudder—the chin rather weak than strong—no great courage or resolution anywhere. After the forehead the eyes and mouth were the two noteworthy features: the eyes prominent, large, brown, the glance at once thoughtful and keen; the mouth coarse and ill-cut, the lower lip particularly heavy. The best portrait of Mr. Beit is one by Mills, published in the *Daily Mirror*, showing him side by side with Cecil Rhodes on a sofa. It is curious to note that the mouth is the bad feature in both faces; but Rhodes's mouth was coarser and more cruel than Beit's: his nose, too, larger and more beaked; his chin and jaw much more massive—altogether a stronger face, though not so intellectually alert. Mr. Beit's manner was nervous hesitating: he had a tiny dark moustache and a curious trick of twirling at it with the right hand, though he seldom touched it; the embarrassed nervousness of a student rather than the assurance of a man of affairs accustomed to deal with men; but the nervousness was chiefly superficial, due perhaps to weak health, for as soon as he began to talk business he came to perfect self-possession.

The old friend who sent a few words about him to the *Times* the day after his death, tells us that "he was a being full of gentle human feeling, generous, unselfish, unassuming, forgiving, and tolerant to a degree rarely experienced." In fact, a sort of millionaire St. Francis, who got immensely rich without greed, and fought the greatest financial duels of his time without feeling or incurring hatred. "No man," we are assured, "ever heard Beit say an ill-natured word of another." All

this, as any student of human nature must know, is pure piffle. The virtues ascribed to Mr. Beit by this gentleman are the virtues of the recluse-saint, and not the virtues of the millionaire. I have often heard Beit say very ill-natured things of other men; but after a fight was over he was tolerant and full of understanding of others, as the able man often is by dint of sheer intellectual comprehension.

Mr. Beit's Story.

In this particular case Mr. Beit did not seem to wish to talk of Barney Barnato; he admitted his gifts, but evidently did not like him, and contented himself with saying that he never knew him well till the great de Beers amalgamation scheme brought them together in 1887. But if Mr. Beit disliked being compared with Barnato, nothing flattered him more than to be compared with Rhodes. He had a profound and pathetic admiration for Rhodes, the admiration which only a born idealist could keep through many years of intimate companionship. And in connection with Rhodes he had no disinclination to talk about himself; the phrase of Goethe paraphrased at the beginning of this article seemed to touch him:

"Yes," he said, "that's the good time of a man's life if he only knew it, the Entwickelungs-Periode."

"It is the beginning," I went on, "that is supremely interesting; how from nothing you won the first fifty thousand pounds, that interests everyone; but how afterwards you turned the fifty thousand into twenty millions is much less interesting."

"Well," said Mr. Beit, "I was one of the poor Beits of Hamburg; my father found it difficult even to pay for my schooling, and you know that is cheap enough in Germany; I had to leave before I had gone through the Realschule. Of course, in Hamburg at that time everyone was talking about the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, and so, after helping my father for a little time he made up his mind to send me to Amsterdam to learn all about diamonds. I went there and spent two years, and in that time got to know a good deal about diamonds.

"Of course," I interjected, "in that time you must have also learnt Dutch."

"No," replied Mr. Beit; "no. I just did my work, and wasted my spare time like other young men.

"A little later my father had some interest with the house of Jules Porges in Paris, and I was sent out by him to Kimberley.[1] I got my passage money and three hundred pounds for the first year. When I reached Kimberley I found that very few people knew anything about diamonds; they bought and sold at haphazard, and a great many of them really believed that the Cape diamonds were of a very inferior quality. Of course, I saw at once that some of the Cape stones were as good as any in the world, and I saw, too, that the buyers protected themselves against their own ignorance by offering generally one-tenth part of what each stone was worth in Europe. It was plain that if one had a little money there was a fortune to be made, and I remember I wrote to Porges offering to give up my position and pay him back my passage money if he would let me off my engagement to work for him for a year; but he would not let me off, so I went on working.

"I wrote to my father frequently, long letters, telling him all about Kimberley; how incredibly rich the ground was; how easy it was to make money with a little capital, and I begged him to send me as much as he could get together by the end of the year, and I promised him to return whatever money he lent me with good interest within a year.

"Before the end of my time with Porges my father got together a couple of thousand pounds and sent it to me; but I did not use it in buying diamonds, as I should have done if he had sent it to me in the first six months. Kimberley was growing so fast that the demand for houses was extraordinary, so I bought a bit of land and put up twelve or thirteen offices, corrugated iron shanties, of which I kept one for myself. I let out these twelve or thirteen shanties, and I got eighteen hundred pounds a month for them."

"Eighteen hundred pounds a month!" I said. "How long did that continue?"

"For years and years," said Mr. Beit. "Twelve or thirteen years, I think, and then the pit had grown so large that my ground was wanted, and I sold the ground on which the shanties were built for a fair sum—I think it was about £260,000. I got something for the dwellings, too, I think," and he laughed. "Not a bad speculation!"

"No," I said, "indeed; that solves the question of how you came from poverty to riches."

Sir Julius Wernher.

"Of course I had met Wernher before then; he, too, was working as a clerk for Porges, and we resolved as soon as we got clear to set up for ourselves—that is why I kept one of the shanties for our office, and there Wernher and I at first bought diamonds and sold them, and later on began to buy claims in the mine and work them."

Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

"Did you meet Rhodes very early?" I asked.

"No," said Mr. Beit, "I had been in Kimberley some time before I met Rhodes to know him, and had made a good deal of money."

"Did the idea of amalgamation come from you or from Rhodes?" I asked.

"I don't know who it came from," replied Mr. Beit. "It was talked about generally for a long time before it assumed shape. You see, the water sometimes ran from one man's claim into another, and made trouble; there were constant disputes, and the richer people began to buy up the surrounding claims, trusting to their belief that the blue ground went very deep indeed. The position kept on defining itself more clearly, and at last four or five groups of us, Rhodes and his group, the Barnato's group, our group, we were the most powerful, and owned between us, perhaps, three-quarters of the mines, saw that we ought to come together and buy up the whole thing; but there was a good deal of capital needed, and Rhodes said he would go to London and get the capital, and so at last he did it."

"Oh rather you helped him to do it," I added, "and at the end, it was done, was it not, by your both buying out the Barnato crowd?"

"Rhodes did it," he said modestly, always eager to give Rhodes the first place.

A *Big* Cheque.

"But," I said, "Barney Barnato once told me that you had to buy him out, and that you and Rhodes met him and Wolf Joel one famous evening at nine o'clock and bargained the whole night through and it ended by your giving Barney a cheque for five millions (2). Wolf Joel always claimed this as Barney's triumph and asserted that they would have taken two millions gladly."

"I daresay," said Beit, indifferently, "Rhodes was not what you would call a good bargainer, he was eager to get the matter settled; he knew that the properties would be worth more than five millions to us, and he was right; but I think he could have got it a good deal cheaper from Barnato."

"Now I see," I said, "how Kimberley made you a millionaire. But how did you get to the Rand?"

"Oh," said Mr. Beit, "that is another story."

(To be continued.)

(1) This is Mr. Beit's account; but there is another story to the effect that he first went out to Port Elizabeth in the employment of the Lipperts, who had a general store then at Port Elizabeth, and who were the cousins of Mr. Beit. There are also wild tales, put about by the halfpenny papers and the *Standard*, to the effect that Mr. Beit went to Kimberley with thousands of pounds in his pocket, but these are only the fantasies of flunkeys.

(2) Though Mr. Barney Barnato at this time (1887) was worth two millions, and when he died was worth about fifteen millions, the Somerset House authorities were content to take death duties on just less than a million, although they were warned in "The Saturday Review" that that was only Mr. Barnato's floating bank balance. The incapacity of the Somerset House officials robbed the country of a battleship.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

VI.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

By Herbert Vivian.

The Court was crowded when Mr. Churchill entered the dock. He bowed with conspicuous serenity, and received an enthusiastic ovation, wherein the jury heartily joined.

The Clerk humbly explained to the prisoner that he stood charged with the heinous offence of travelling too rapidly, to the evident discomfiture and detriment of all dolts, frauds, imbeciles, chamberlains, and other vagrants.

Mr. Arthur Balfour was called and sworn. Prisoner's counsel interposed to ask whether witness knew the meaning of an oath.

Balfour: I have philosophic doubts, unsettled convictions, and an open mind.

Joseph Chitterling (a juryman): In other words, an empty mind.

Mr. Justice Bull: Order, order. If such observations are made, I shall have the box cleared.

The Witness was told to stand down.

Mr. Arnold-Forster deposed that the prisoner had objected against the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb. The Mahdi was notoriously the head of an ancient religion. Witness believed that all heads of religion ought to be amputated.

Mr. St. John Brodrick stated that the late Government had established the very salutary rule of promotion by failure. He himself, having failed ignominiously at the War Office, was immediately entrusted with the administration of the Indian Empire. He was well aware that Mr. Churchill was only an Under-Secretary, though one of the most popular orators in the country, and possessed of more brains than the whole of the late Cabinet put together. But as he had never failed in anything, prisoner ought not to have been promoted even to his present humble post.

Colonel Maxse, C.B., D.S.O., was sworn. He had read prisoner's book, "The River War," and was surprised that it had been written by a man who had once been an officer, and still, presumably, considered himself a gentleman. It was a disgraceful book; in fact, so disgraceful that witness had been compelled to plagiarise the greater part of it.

Court: You are C.B., we understand. What do those letters represent? Not Campbell-Bannerman, we presume? (Loud laughter, which was instantly suppressed.)

Witness: No; Copy Book. (Hysterical laughter.)

Other witnesses having been interrogated, and speeches having been heard from counsel on both sides, the jury retired.

Clerk: Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner. How say ye? Is he guilty of this misdemeanour, whereof he stands indicted and hath been arraigned? Or not guilty?

Foreman: Guilty, my lord.

Then the Keeper was charged to look to the prisoner.

The verdict being repeated to the jury by Mr. Clerk of the Crown, the jury owned it unanimously.

Mr. Solicitor-General: My lord, upon this verdict, that hath been given against the prisoner at the bar, I humbly move that we may have judgment given.

Sentence.

Mr. Justice Bull: Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, you that are the prisoner at the bar, hold up your hand. You have been convicted of advancing too rapidly. In this country, where the Nonconformist conscience rules, it is to the interest of every imbecile that progress shall be slow. Our institutions have been framed with the specific object of retarding genius. You are, therefore, a dangerous criminal in the eyes of the fools who are the backbone of the country. You have dared to advocate economy when public thieves desired to lavish other people's money on philanthropic enterprises. Where would wastrels and other derelicts find themselves if Mr. Crooks were hindered from sustaining them with forced loans at the expense of the poor?

Another very serious charge against you is that, while serving in his Majesty's forces, you impudently persisted in seeking active service. You must have known that the etiquette of the Army constrains officers to rag, and mess, and flirt, and dance, and kiss, and, above all things, to remain inconspicuous. But when you were a mere subaltern, you obtained leave of absence, and instead of playing bridge, or drinking, or painting towns red, you betook yourself to Cuba, and risked your valuable life, and made yourself proficient in your profession, to the obvious detriment of law-abiding brother-officers. When war broke out in Egypt, you were again to the fore. A good Conservative would have remained peacefully at Aldershot or Knightsbridge. But with your infernal restlessness, you forced your way to the front. Why could you not have been content to stay in a comfortable mess, when no one compelled you to leave your hearth-rug?

I suppose that some excuse may be found for a soldier who persists in seeking to play his part as a soldier. But even when you had left the Army, when a campaign occurred in South Africa, and you were not expected to support your country, you were not to be restrained. You pretended to represent newspapers, but you really behaved more gallantly than the regulars. Even when you were caught by the Boers and carried off to Pretoria, you contrived to escape, and turned up smiling with the Army once more. Seeing that no other prisoner escaped, and that you might have been killed in the process, you were certainly very rash. And I must blame you very severely for your thoughtlessness. You were ready to throw away your own life, and perhaps thought yourself unselfish. But it did not seem to have occurred to you that your country might have need of you.

It is not proper to discuss politics from this bench, but I know that all honest men agree in regarding you as a sincere and earnest patriot. Desiring, therefore, that you shall continue in your patriotic career, and wishing you every blessing which Almighty God can confer upon man, I proceed to sentence you to public servitude for the rest of your natural life.

A STORM AT SEA.

The waves surged high, the dreadful tempest roared,
Confusion, child of terror, reigned on board.
Amongst the passengers, and chief was seen
In one of sable garb and priestly mien,
Who found the captain and besought him say,
Without evasion, frankly, ay or nay,
Whether they might expect their lives to save,
Or sink submerged beneath the gaping wave.
"Judge for yourself," the captain said, and then
He bade him watch and listen to the men—
"See with what energy the storm they dare,
And only hearken how they *curse and swear!*
Could oaths like these obtain among the crew
If that they saw Eternity in view?
Believe me, no! for sure, with bated breath
And prayerful lips must all men gaze on death."
His words a spark of confidence restored
And half the trembler's terror reassured.
But soon a louder and a mightier blast
Smote the frail barque and shook each quivering mast;
With eager look and outstretched ears, his hands
Bent round them aiding, see the parson stands,
Intent to hear the sailors—and at last
For a brief moment ceased the noisy blast;
And when its deafening roar no more confounds
He hears the welcome reassuring sounds;
Upwards his streaming eyes t'wards Heav'n he turns,
With rapture all his inmost bosom burns,
His every pulse confessed a grateful thrill—
"Thank God," he cried, "*thank God, they're swearing still!*"

To our Readers,—

We shall be pleased to forward, post free, specimen copies of John Bull *to any of your friends if you will send us their names and addresses.*

AMONG THE THEATRES.

By Frank Harris.

The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt. By Alfred Sutro.

"The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," presented at the Garrick Theatre, has been fully described in all the papers, and fairly described, I think, so that I need say nothing about it. I found it pleasant, if a little trivial.

The acting, too, was on the whole excellent; as usual, the low comic parts were the best acted. Mr. George Trollope as the great Barrister, Mr. Goddlestone, and Mr. Charles Goodhart as Mr. Mellon, the impassioned lover of Wagner, were both excellently good. The only one of the chief actors to compare with these two was Miss Violet Vanbrugh, or Mrs. Bourchier as Lady Clarice Howland. She has the part of a widow to play, a widow with a sense of humour, and a certain intellectual vivacity, and she rendered the part with quite astonishing artistry. The other day I had to say that Irene Vanbrugh is perhaps the best actress on our stage to-day; certainly she can only be compared to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and here I have to admit that her sister, as Lady Clarice Howland, is a superb comedy actress, altogether better than I had imagined she would become, judging by my recollections of her of some years ago.

Mr. Walter Pearce, too, as Lord Woolham, acted excellently, suggesting careless ease with the distinction of youth and good humour—*un jeune premier* of a very high class, he seems to me certain to make his mark. But I must confess that I didn't care for Mr. Aubrey Smith's acting—it is a little heavy; nor yet for Mr. Bourchier's.

Mr. Bourchier.

Mr. Bourchier has the chief part in the play; he is "the fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt." One rubbed one's eyes and looked again, "The fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt."

Now, a man can be fascinating to women in a great many ways. I agree with old Montaigne when he said that the only beauty of a man is height, and Mr. Bourchier has certainly height; and yet "the fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" sticks in my throat. One can be fascinating to women through strength; a certain sort of woman is fascinated by sheer forceful brutality; but this sort of fascination Mr. Sutro has evidently not intended, for he draws attention again and again to the fact that Mr. Vanderveldt's fascination for Lady Clarice Howland consists in the fact that he makes her laugh, that he amuses her, and so one expected wit from "the fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," and Mr. Sutro has given him no wit, no humour, even. But one can also be fascinating to women through "the velvet glove," just as fascinating as the gentleman of the "iron hand," perhaps to young women more fascinating. It is possible that Mr. Sutro meant Mr. Bourchier to suggest this silken sweetness of nature, the delicate forethought and pre-occupation of unprescribed courtesies, above all that reverence of soul which is the perfume of passion. I don't think I am judging harshly when I say that one didn't find any of these qualities in Mr. Bourchier—oleaginous good-humour rather acidulated by sharp small eyes, "the fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt." No, frankly, I can quite see why Lady Clarice Howland preferred even Mr. Aubrey Smith. Mr. Alfred Sutro must have been poking fun at Mr. Bourchier when he gave him this part.

But last week Mr. Bourchier took a holiday, and his place was filled by Mr. Julian L'Estrange, and then we saw how much physical advantages have to do with such a part. Of course, Mr. Julian L'Estrange is exceptionally handsome, and he not only looked "the fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" to the life, but suggested love, as youth does, at every moment. He was so fascinating, indeed, that one was quite shocked when Lady Clarice Howland, at the end, preferred Mr. Aubrey Smith. It was clear that when Mr. Sutro brought about this ending he had Mr. Bourchier in his mind as the "fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," and not Mr. Julian L'Estrange.

The Geisha.

The other evening I went in to see "The Geisha," and found the house crowded. The play went as well as ever, better, indeed, I think. Miss Marie Studholme looked as pretty as possible, and played with infinite vivacity and go; one could see she took pleasure in playing, and was delighted with her part. The new tenor (Robert Evett) sang well, and Mr. Fred Wright, junior, as the comic Chinaman was as laughter-provoking as the stolid Mr. Rutland Barrington. Really, there seems no reason in nature why this play should not reach its thousandth performance; it is clearly what the people want, for the house was crammed.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

"The Artful Miss Dill." By Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson.)

This is a pretty, though slight, love-story. It is well-written, too, though without the point and epigram with which Mr. Frankfort Moore sometimes stars his pages. The worst fault, however, in the book is that Mr. Frankfort Moore shifts the reader's interest from the red-haired English girl (the "artful Miss Dill"), whom the hero has so dramatically rescued from vile Spanish adventurers in Caracas, to the hero's cousin, who is so slightly sketched in that she has hardly any being or meaning. This is the same fault which Sir Walter Scott committed in "Ivanhoe." He interests us all in Rebecca, the Jewess, makes us feel with her, know her, love her, and then calmly tells us that the hero marries the pale shadow, Rowena. Our sympathies are outraged; we rebel, we won't have Rowena at any price, and we look upon the hero as a fool for sticking to her.

Of course, it is possible to let the hero change from one girl to another; Romeo, we are told, was in love with Rosalind before he ever saw Juliet; but when the moon rises, the stars about her disappear, and never having known Rosalind we owe her even less allegiance than Romeo did, and are content to think of him as loving Juliet, and Juliet alone. But the red-haired artful Miss Dill interests us, and we don't like her to be shelved for the cousin whom we have no interest in of any sort.

"Coniston." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)

I have to make a frank confession about this book; I have not been able to read it; I have waded forty or fifty pages deep in it once and again, and then have given up the attempt. The unimportant, or what seems to me unimportant, is told with such pomp and circumstance that my soul revolts.

If the author had interested me first in Jethro Bath, I might have read a little story about his sharp bargaining with amusement; but as it is, I put the book down yawning. It may be a good book, but I doubt it. There is no atmosphere in it, no magic of intense interest, no simplicity of great narration. It is the description of an ordinary beechwood by a pedant naturalist who owns the wood, and who keeps you half-an-hour talking over one tree which should be passed with a glance.

All this may be my fault; there are a great many books I cannot read. For instance, I have never been able to read "The Children of the Ghetto," by Mr. Zangwill. I have set myself to do it as a task, but I cannot; my eyes even are recalcitrant, my memory, too. I got about eighty or ninety pages into the book and then stuck fast; I neither remembered what I had read nor felt the slightest inclination to read on. There may be some people who will enjoy this book of Mr. Winston Churchill's; but I defy them to enjoy the first thirty or forty pages of it, and if a man cannot make the beginning of a story interesting, he has no one but himself to blame if his story remains unread.

"Parsons and Pagans."

I have received a book, "Parsons and Pagans," by Vivian Carey (Drane), with a request to notice it. I am told at the very outset that this is "an indictment of Christianity and an exposition of a new faith," and in the introduction the author assures me that "it is a plain book for plain people, possessing neither literary garnish or style to recommend it to the fastidious." He need not have taken the trouble to publish his own shortcomings; they are obvious enough, even in these days of halfpenny newspapers. "Neither" . . . "or" is a garnish that I don't enjoy.

There is one sentence in this introduction which merits quotation, because I think in itself it presents the author so fairly that one may dispense with further criticism. He says, "I only write what I feel, what I have experienced, and what I know to be the incontestable truth." Ah! how easy life would be if this were true, if one could write what one felt, what one experienced, and could persuade oneself that anything one knows is "the incontestable truth." But life is not capable of mathematical verification; it escapes all our formulæ, remains to the end, and to the wisest, elusive and fragmentary. Rather than this incontestable truth of self-centred self-confidence I would infinitely prefer one of those common falsehoods that gild the lives of millions of men and women.

JOHN BULL'S OPEN LETTER.

To The Reverend Doctor Clifford.

Reverend and Learned Sir,—

When, at the end of last year, his Majesty created by Letters Patent the new dignity and office of Prime Minister, the post of Leader of the Liberal Party—which till that date Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had filled—in a sense became vacant, and by universal consent you were acclaimed the rightful heir.

Since the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers, you have been acting as foreman of the Nonconformist Conscience Works, and since 1902 it might almost be said that you have been acting as fireman as well. At any rate, you have stoked the furnaces of Nonconformity and kept the flames alight, if only with your burning eloquence. Gathering around you, as you wildly waved the torches of Religious Liberty and Social Reform, all the Anti-Everythings, and taking advantage of the inevitable revulsion of political feeling after ten years of Tory rule, you deftly labelled your army Liberals, and became Leader of the Party, *cujus magna pars sum.*

We approach you, therefore, with the utmost circumspection, even forbearing to place your title in inverted commas, as we might be tempted to do were we addressing "General" Booth. We are not ourselves graduates of either the Bates or the Colgate University of America, but from the fact that it was our Lord Northcliffe, *Doctor of News*, who first impugned your certificates, we are disposed to respect the creations of these seats of learning.

You are, however, universally called by your admirers "the Baptist Knox." And, in this connection, the comparison is a little unfortunate, for Knox, as you may recollect, was sent to Glasgow University, but left without taking his degree. Nevertheless, there are many respects in which the parallel is strikingly accurate. Knox was in the habit, we are told, of carrying a two-handed sword before the reformer Wishart (in the management of this unwieldy weapon and its scabbard doubtless causing smiles even among the dour faithful), just as you do to-day before the reformer Birrell, with the fist of Lloyd-George gripped tightly round half of it. But two-handed swords are also double-edged—as to which a word later.

To continue our analysis. Knox's mission in life was "the fashioning anew of his country's destinies," and in pursuit of this aim his sermons invariably partook of the character of political manifestoes, his biographer stating that "all through his life he was deep in politics." One of his most notable works was "The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," hence he married, at the age of 60, a second bride, described by the historian as "a mere girl." We are further told that "his gestures when preaching were such as 'he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it,'" and his great grievance always was that in the division of the ecclesiastical funds, the old churches got two-thirds, against the non-coms' one-third. We will say no more about Mr. Knox.

Now, dear sir, whither will you lead the Liberal Party? You have, even at this early period, succeeded in throwing back the cause of true education a whole generation. You have set Churchmen, Chapelmen, Jews, and Catholics at each others' throats, making the little child the shuttlecock of sectarian strife, and fanning again into flame the dying embers of bigotry, intolerance, dogma, and creed. Proud of this achievement, you are now clamouring for fresh conquests. Personal liberty, and all that makes for manliness and vigour are to be assailed. We are all to be made good by Act of Parliament—"good," as Lord Beaconsfield once said, "in the very worst sense of the phrase." The parson is displacing the politician. Clericalism is the enemy. And he is most intolerant when dressed in Nonconformist garb. "I will be damned first," exclaimed one of your principal lieutenants a little while ago, "before I obey the Education Act of 1902." And he did *not* obey it!

The worst of it all is that you are a polished and elevating orator. But you are out of place in politics. "A cow, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is a good creature, but we do not welcome her in a withdrawing room." You, sir, are a good creature—and, doubtless, at heart a kind and generous one—but, like so many of your political disciples, you are not a man of the world, and have had no personal and practical contact with the problems you seek to solve. Politics, reverend and learned sir, have to do with the secular interests of the State, and the very qualities which make you a good preacher, also make you a bad politician. The aged poor are clamouring for their pensions. How do you propose to provide them? The Land Laws are in urgent need of revision. What is your practical scheme? The problems of the poor and unemployed are still unsolved. What do you suggest? Other countries are encroaching on our markets and on our trade. What is your plan? Our Indian Empire is seething with discontent and danger. What is your policy? Naval and military problems have become acute. Will you state your programme? Our franchise and registration arrangements are chaotic and unworkable. Have you a solution? Do not answer us in any of these matters with claptrap phrases. We want practical business and statesmanlike measures. Are you capable of drafting one of them? If not, then cease to dominate the Liberal Party.

The whole session has been wasted in promulgating a measure which, in anything like its present form, has no earthly chance (or heavenly chance, either) of ever becoming law. Three precious months have been absolutely thrown away.

And now you are endeavouring to make up for lost time by a Juvenile Smoking Bill, and a Street Betting Bill, two measures which, however well intentioned, are both destined to accomplish more harm than good. The Smoking Bill will turn honest little boys into hypocrites, and the Street Betting Bill will simply drive into the shops and factories the evil you seek to abolish.

You would have the Liberal Party the foe of gaiety, of sport, of every form of human merriment. Why should we always sing psalms, and snivel, and cant, and whine? It were better almost to live under the domain of a Roman priest, who is, at any rate, a man of the world, and generally a gentleman. This is the kind of reflection your methods encourage.

We frequently see you in the Lobby, looking after the votes of your catspaws. You remind us of Noah entering the ark; but Noah had at least one redeeming vice.

Does it ever occur to you that in the robust manhood of the future—should the vigour of the nation not be irrevocably undermined by your sway—the irreverent historian may point to you as the Bishop of Bayswater, the Savonarola of the suburbs, the truculent tyrant who would reduce all mankind to a dead homunculous level?

We spoke just now of a two-handed and a double-edged sword. May we warn you that in its frantic and clumsy gyrations it is apt, in common parlance, to cut both ways? Many a staunch and sturdy Radical is to-day looking on askance whilst you slash about in all directions, and is fearful for the cause of political progress and rational reform.

Yours truly,

John Bull.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

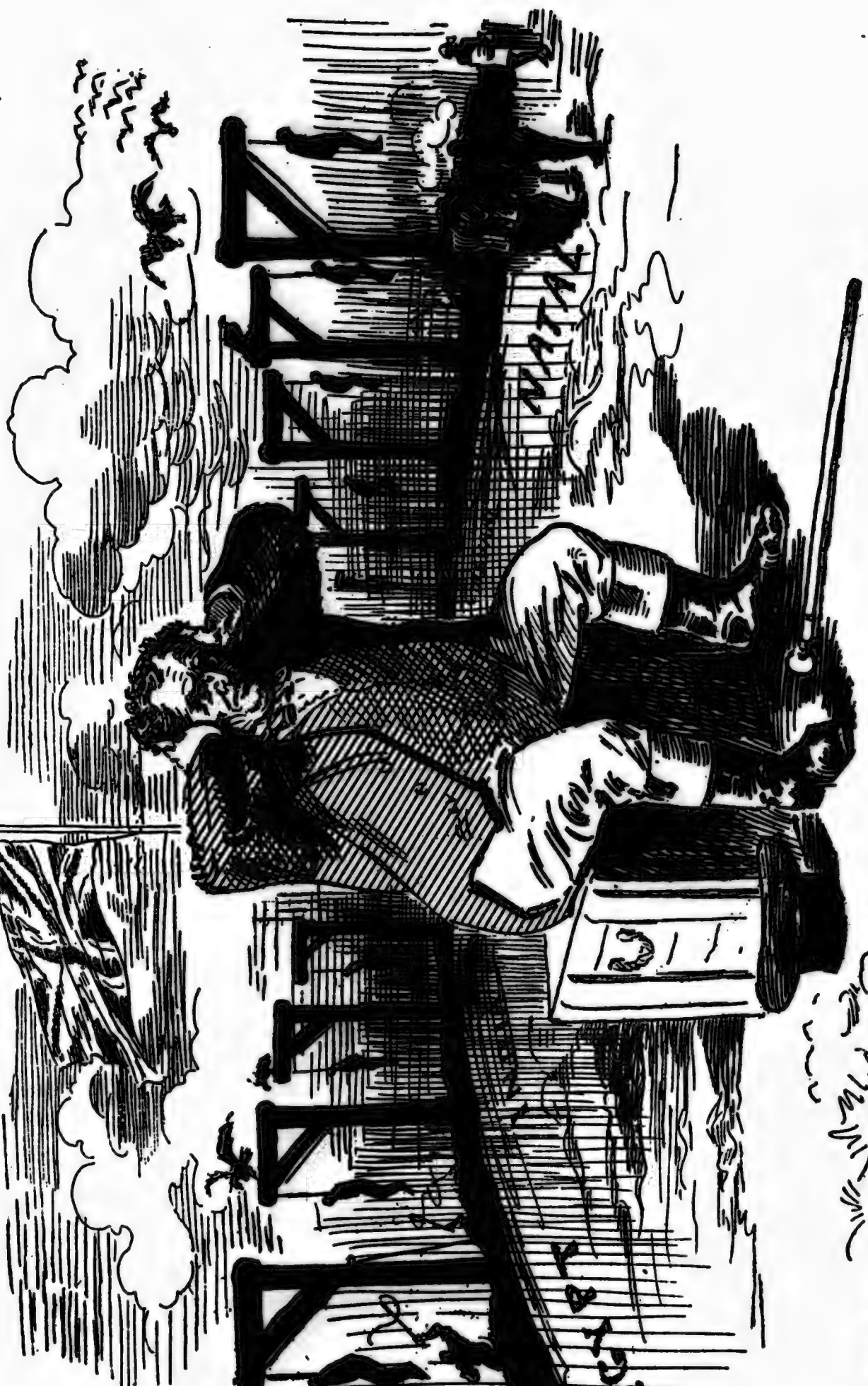
Yours very faithfully,

John Bull.

NEXT WEEK

"John Bull" will address an OPEN LETTER TO

RT. HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P.



"THINKING IMPERIALLY."

THE ELYSIUM OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

By Theodore Dahle.

"Good avening to ye; I hope I see ye well," greeted Mrs. Bridget Mullins as she held out her white-gloved hand to Mrs. Sarah Jane Smith in the large drawing-room of the Golden Gate Workhousc. "An' whin did ye come in, me dear?"

Mrs. Smith gazed upon the purple velvet gown and high-heeled, silver-buckled shoes of Mrs. Mullins in ecstatic admiration. "Larst night," she replied, as she took that lady's outstretched hand in two fingers, raised it a foot high, and shook it horizontally, according to the mode approved in all the most fashionable circles. "I left my bloke suppin' four-ale dahn at the Beer an' Skittles, full up, as usual, an' sayin' he'd follow on. But I've brought the rest o' the family an' the gal wot does ahr steps wiv me. Fort we'd give ourselves a rest for a month or two. How long have you been in?"

"Pathrick," Mrs. Mullins called across to her husband, "how long have we bin resthin' at the Golden?"

Mullins, attired in evening dress, was sleeping loudly on a silk-brocaded settee in Cosy Corner No. 18, and did not hear. He was stretched out at full length, gloriously fat, unconscious and happy, with two large diamonds flashing from his expansive shirt front.

"Pathrick!" shouted Mrs. Mullins again, "ye've a slape on yer loud enough ter wake the dead. An' how many times have I tould ye ta kape yer grasy head off the green sathin cushion, an yer big splawtherin' feet off the ixpinsive furnitoor? Wake up, ye oncivil cratur! Here's Mrs. Smith come in agin wid the five childer an' the gal that does her doorsthep. Divil a bit av ethiqette aneybody need expect from a lumberin' scarecrow av a man like ye."

Mullins awoke, rubbing his eyes, and rose unsteadily to welcome Mrs. Smith's return to the Golden Gate.

"Sarah Jane was askin'," observed Mrs. Mullins, "how long we'd bane in risidence?"

Mullins shook his head. "Now ye're askin' me wan," he replied, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "I remimber I came in wan night at the full moon wid me warthrobe in wan pocket, an'——"

"Well, if yer've never bin aht since I larst saw yer 'ere, it was two year an' four months come Toosd'y. But mebbe yer 'ere for reg'lar?" sniffed Mrs. Smith. "'Ow things do alter, down't they? When we was 'ere larst——"

Mullins touched a silver electric bell on the loo table by the settee. In about two minutes a servant in a powdered wig, green swallow-tails, red waistcoat with golden buttons, yellow plush breeches, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, appeared with a salver.

"Is it be aney chance that ye've gone deaf?" questioned Mullins.

"No, sir," was the response.

"That's all right," said Mullins. "You kape on duty whin I push this illicthric machane, an' some day ye'll mebbe rise to be a workhouse inmate yerself; ye niver kno' yer luck. This is Misthress Smith, an' she's come in wid the childer an' the governess that rubs the doorsthep wid the bathbrick. Mebbe she's come for a few months, and mebbe for iver, all dipends on how she likes it. So you fetch in the three and sixpinny tay an' the rekerky supper for her an' Mrs. Mullins."

"Yessir," said the servant, with a low bow as he turned to execute the order.

"Here, me bhoy!" exclaimed Mullins, pulling at the servant's swallow-tails, "if ye haven't to catch a thrain, ye may just as well wait till ye git the whole av the orther. Ye didn't think I was goin' dthry, did ye? Bring me a bottle av the best, something wid a brand on it. None av yer gooseberry vinthages for me. Rimimber, I'm a coineseer."

A few moments later Mr. Mullins was drinking the healths of Mrs. Smith and all the little Smiths, and the girl who did the doorstep, while they regaled themselves at a table spread with two fowls, half a ham, quails in aspic, pâté de foie gras, salade de la Reine Marie Antoinette, and other recherché dishes from the cold cuisine of the Golden Gate.

"Lor', it ain't spicy, not arf!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in an outburst of enthusiasm. "I down't wonder yer stop. Yer might fink yer was doin' yerselves prahd at a hotel wiv all the torfs. Fine linen table clorfs, silver cruet-stands, silver knives, an' forks, an' spoons, an' Axminster carpets, sealskin rugs, an' silk furnitoor——"

From the other end of the room, Cosy Corner No. 36, came the strains of "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," played by a lady in white chêpe de Chine.

"Down't pl'y that, Liza," another lady in crimson satin called across to her; "ye'll spile the grand pianner. Pl'y somefink sad, the 'M'iden's Prayer' or ''Ome, Sweet 'Ome.' There's nuffink like music that's sad, when it's good. But, mind yer, I likes it good."

Mullins strolled over to the Louis Seize sideboard, selected a Flor de Havana from a box, put a handful in his pocket, struck a light on his gold match-box, puffed up, and returned to his seat on the brocaded settee. "The pick av the thobacco market," Mullins went on, "half-a-crown at the layste, the philanthropic provision av the ratepayers av the richest an' greatest City on earth. The wurrld is full av pride an' vanity, an' thim that's sthuck up wid such things like to cut a figure in Park Lane, or Bilgrave Square, or the Hotil Ritz, or the Carlton, or some wan or the other av the hotels where they charge ye enormous for iverything ye ate, an' iverything ye dthrink, an' iverywhere ye slape. But for the rale comforts av home, I'm sthandin' by the Golden Gate, where iverything is free gratis an' for nothin', an' ave the very best. So it's here, Mrs. Smith, where me and Bridget live, an' here it is, plase God, that we'll die, an' have an illigant funeral, wid a gold mossolium an' a gilt epitaph."

"It's thrue, ivery wurrud," said Mrs. Mullins. "Sometimes I think I'm in Paradise," and as she put up her hand to make sure that her hair had not slipped, Mrs. Smith saw the jewels flash on her fingers under the dazzling lights of the golden chandelier.

"I can believe yer, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Smith. "Blest if yer down't all look like a Covent Garden ball. Is them the workus uniforms yer wearing?"

"Uniforms, indade!" exclaimed Mrs. Mullins, in tones almost indignant. "It's no uniforms we wear. Ivery year in the sayson the Chairman av the Guardians calls upon each wan av us in turn, an' after knocking at the door av our private swate an' hilpin' himself to whatever he finds to dthrink, or eat, or smoke on the cheffonier, he hands us an orther on the Court dthressmaker an' the King's jeweller, an' we pick where we like an' niver mind the expinse. Some av us like to be thrimmed up in velvets, an' some av us in silks an' satins, for some av us like to rustle, an' some av us want to swish; shure, it's all accorthin'. Thin some's fond av rubies an' pearls, an' others av immeralds an' sapphires. Meself, I'm gone on di'monds. They're so good to sell."

"Ye spake like the lathest dictionarey," said Mr. Mullins. "Belave me or belave me not, Misthress Smith, but sometimes whin she falls down the coal-cellar, dead dthrunk after an avenin' parthy I wouldn't know she was there at all at all widout I could see her flashin' in the dark."

"Well, I'm sure I never seen such a change in all my puff," commented Mrs. Smith. "Yer might ha' knocked me dahn wiv me fevvers when I first seed yer. Fort I'd made a mistake an' struck the head 'ousemaid at Buckingham Pallis. It's right—ow, don't myke me larf!"

"Ye ain't wan notion av half the canvayniances in the Golden Gate," said Mullins, as he rang for another bottle of the best. "There's nothin' wantin'. If yer can't play the grand pianner ye can touch a button and sthart a pianner-organ, an' whin yer tired av the lovely music av that insthrumint ye have the choice betwane a phonograph, a banjo, an' a harmonium. After that ye can change yer suit, or fetch out yer lace parasol an' yer white muslin an' sthroll out into the grounds an' hear the Grinathier Guards or the Hanthel Fistival playin' on the green vilvet lawn. If the conthuctor's playing slow music whin ye want to dance, all ye nade to do is to touch a button an' the Golden Gate's own sthring band'll rispond to the invitation an' oblige wid the dance in another part av the grounds, while a special staff lits off the King's own fireworks. Whin ye've done the day's work, and had some more dthrink wid yer supper, ye can call the chaplain ter say prayers, an' afther that all ye've to do is to ring for the man at the lift an' he'll lift yer up to yer bethroom if yer can't walk up. In the bethroom's a bed an' pillors av the finest swans-down an' shates av the most rekerky linen, wid yer monogram on ivery corner, and ye can fall aslape till it's time for breakfast in the mornin' widout a sthain on yer characther."

"Well, excuse me for a few minutes," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, rising. "I'm goin' ter fetch in Bill from the Beer an' Skittles afore the Golden Gates are closed. This is a place he oughtn't ter miss. He's been lookin' for it for years."

"So here's to the Golden Gate, an' I'm just goin' to sthroll along to the sthables where I kape me motor-car. Good-night to yer, Mrs. Smith, an' a wurrd in yer near ear, Misthress Mullins—'Be aisy wid the dthrink!'"

A PLEA FOR COCKING.

By Don Juan de Los Toros.

I plead for the prevention of cruelty to animals, that is to say, against interference with the natural instinct of cocks to indulge in single combat. With this, I believe my cousin, John Bull, will agree, for I know him to be a sportsman.

I also plead for the natural spur, which he has discarded as tedious, but which I prefer to cold steel, for reasons of fair play. Here I do not expect to convince him, unless he will come over to Spain and convince himself.

Meanwhile, I will jot down a few impressions and recollections of fights I have witnessed. The first was at Seville, in the Calle Dona Maria Coronel. The pit there is a circular building with a large skylight in the centre, and small windows all round. The spectators, sturdy, clean-shaven fellows, with broad wide-awake hats, are seated in tiers. The actual fighting takes place on a circular table covered with thick mats and surrounded by netted wire. Over it hangs a movable bar- provided with cradles for weighing the cocks.

One sportsman arrived with a variegated bird, whose green tail feathers reminded me of the hats worn by Italian soldiers. Another produced a ruddy bird, which had been so closely clipped that at first sight I mistook it for a hen, especially as the tail feathers had been plucked out and the comb almost entirely cut away. They balanced each other to a nicety, and a buzz of interest went round as they were deposited in the arena.

The ruddy one was looking about him in a bewildered manner, while the other was pecking the Esparto mat as though in hopes of finding some corn. I believe each was well aware of the other's presence, but they seemed to affect a love of peace only surpassed by that of the Tsar, such was the exaggerated nonchalance of their attitude. Then of a sudden they flew at each other, flapping their wings and leaping into the air to inflict a blow with their spurs, which I observed had been filed to a very sharp point. Somehow, they reminded me of very angry old men, with their dilated beaks and staring goggle-eyes.

Great outbursts of fury were succeeded by long monotonous bouts, in which the pecking was far more frequent than the flapping and spurring. The birds seemed out of breath as they sidled against each other, and even the pecks became less vigorous as well as less frequent. The crowd had relapsed into a stony silence of intent interest. But as soon as the experts had formed their opinions on the chances of the issue, all began to shout offers of odds vociferously, "Cuatro llevo, cinco llevo, doble, siete llevo," the cries rang out. Whenever any one heard a good offer he stretched out his hand and cried "Ba!" A nod sufficed to accept this. No book or register was kept, all wagers being remembered in the head, and oddly enough there were no disputes afterwards.

At last the din subsided, for the issue was no longer in doubt. The dark cock had scarcely strength to peck. He did not run away, but remained on the defensive. As they sidled round the pit, he was hard put to it to avoid the full severity of the other's blows. His neck was in a terrible condition, the short feathers being all matted with blood, and his head presented the appearance of a scarlet sponge. Presently he collapsed slowly into a heap and stretched his neck out upon the floor. A sand-glass was produced, and defeat would be announced if he did not rise before the sand ran out. The victor now strutted about vain-gloriously. He trampled on the fallen. He kicked back his foe's wing-feathers like a fox-terrier scratching up earth.

Ah! now it was over. The wickets were opened and the two birds taken out. The spectators proceeded to settle their wagers, little piles of copper coins being tossed across the mat and rare dollars passed along the ledge of the ring. I went out into the passage and found a small boy employed in finishing off the defeated cock by hacking at his neck with a blunt knife.

The second battle was between a big dark bird and a light grey bird, so much smaller that I thought it could have no chance. It seemed terribly unfair to pit him against that huge bully, but I found to my surprise that fairly long odds were laid upon the light-weight from the outset. While the dark one fancied himself very much and strutted about aggressively, the other seemed the very pink of modesty. They attacked each other at once without any preliminaries, and the small grey bird had his own way from the outset, being scarcely hurt all through, though the other was very game and stood up to him with great pluck to the last.

They did very little pecking, but jumped up at each other almost without cessation, and so quickly that it was often impossible to see the actual blows of their spurs. I had almost begun to wonder whether they really used them until I noticed that the grey bird's heels were stained a deep crimson. The black bird was soon in a shocking condition. One eye had been gouged out, his head had been riddled, and his feathers were flying about all over the arena. He could not now see to strike his adversary, and made wild pecks in the wrong direction, to the great amusement of the small boys in the gallery. There now followed a long monotonous interval of sidling and pecking, during which the big bird received frightful punishment. After forty-five minutes the black bird fell, and I expected to see the sand-glass produced, but the owner evidently had hopes of being able to patch him up to fight another day, so the inevitable defeat was accepted, and both birds were taken out alive.

Some cocks had nearly all their tail feathers pulled out before entering the ring, and I noticed that, when they were pitted against birds which wore most of their feathers they usually won. The best fights I have seen were between two-year-olds; but I remember a very good one at Seville when the combatants were only nine months old. At the end, when the beaten one lay down, the other simply stood by, as if with his hands in his pockets, and waited for the sand to run out. He seemed to proclaim that he was far too much of a sportsman to peck a cock who was down.

The fights at Barcelona were on a much grander scale. They took place at the early hour of ten on Sunday morning. Bets were made as at Seville, but there was also a pari-mutuel office in a big hall of the building. Here also were two cages, where the combatants were exposed immediately before a fight, with all the details of breed, weight, age, etc., chalked up on black-boards beside them. The ring was also constructed differently. It was like a huge wooden saucer some ten feet across, and there was no railing round it.

You will be interested and gratified to note that the English breed of fighting cock is infinitely superior to the Spanish. Indeed, no other cock can contend against an English one, unless he be far superior in age, weight, and size. Some of the details of cocking may seem horrible to this generation, but the birds certainly afford a striking example of pluck and endurance.

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The world-wide popularity of Mother Seigel's Syrup is based on the recommendation of countless thousands of men and women whom it has cured of indigestion, biliousness, constipation, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, flatulence, nervous depression, anæmia general debility and various disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys.

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"I am glad to be able to testify to the benefit I have derived from Mother Seigel's Syrup as a cure for biliousness and indigestion. In 1892 I was very ill after an attack of influenza, and my digestion became very weak and my appetite poor. I had severe pains in my back, my tongue was coated, and I had dizzy sensations.... When everything else had failed Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me completely." Mrs. M. E. I. Beadle, 54, East Hill, Dartford, Kent.

AIDS DIGESTION

THE 2/6 BOTTLE CONTAINS THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS THE 1/1½ SIZE.

SHAMS.

SOME BUCKETSHOPS.

By Anti-Humbug.

No. 1.—Howard Marshall and Co., 104-106, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., *alias* Fraser, Grieg and Co., 65-67, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.; *alias* C. E. Lovegrove and Co., 13, Sise Lane, London, E.C.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE. Post free on application. Showing how to open an account with £3. Invaluable to beginners.—Address H. Marshall and Co., 105, Leadenhall Street, London.

A EASY WAY OF MAKING MONEY.—Write for explanatory pamphlet (post free). Small capital only necessary for a start.
E. C. LOVEGROVE and CO., 13, Sise-lane, London, E.C.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, with surplus capital of £3 upwards, should write for our pamphlet, "How Money Makes Money" (post free), which explains how £2 10s. weekly may be made with a deposit of £10. Other amounts in proportion. Capital under own control. No trouble or undue risk.—Fraser, Grieg, and Co., 66, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

The firms whose advertisements are here given are one and the same, run by a man called Lovegrove, who has been connected with quite a round dozen of bucket-shops, the majority of which have disappeared into the Ewigkeit. We have before us a quantity of literature from these people, and find their pamphlets, circulars, contract notes, testimonials, and other "literature" couched in identical language, and drafted for the identical purpose—namely, cover-snatching.

The method by which this genteel way of picking pockets, by permission of the City Police, is carried on has been exposed so often that it is hardly necessary to enter into a lengthy explanation at this time of day. We might almost sum up the whole thing in a nutshell by employing the words used by the present Lord Chief Justice of England in a libel case brought by one of the fraternity, where Lord Alverstone said:—

> The bucketshop advises its "clients" to buy certain shares as being bound to rise. The bucketshop pretends to sell these very shares to its client on cover. Therefore, if its advice be honest and the shares actually rise, the bucketshop is the poorer by the advice which it gives gratuitously to all and sundry for the asking. If, on the other hand, as is almost invariably the case, the shares fall, then the bucketshop profits by the unsound advice to its "clients." In inverse ratio to the soundness of its recommendations, the bucketshop loses or makes money, and the "client" makes or loses his.

The speciality of Mr. Lovegrove with his numerous *aliases* is to send out elaborate circulars and prospectuses explaining that he, and he only, offers the best terms upon which, at his own cost and to his own sole loss, the public at large will make huge fortunes.

As Fraser Grieg and Co. he says:—

> There are dozens of methods of making large and quick profits advertised, but not one of them could possibly be compared with ours, either for safety, simplicity, or profitableness, and we defy anyone to discover a more productive method of speculation either in stocks or commerce.

As Howard Marshall and Co. he says exactly the same thing, in exactly the same words.

As E. C. Lovegrove and Co. he mentions his special features as:—

No commission Minimum margin 1 per cent. Optional margin Liability strictly limited Fair treatment. Immediate settlement.	Such advantageous terms are offered by no other responsible firm.

In other words, Lovegrove as Fraser Grieg and Co. is better than Lovegrove as Howard Marshall and Co., and Lovegrove as Howard Marshall and Co. is better than Lovegrove as Fraser Grieg and Co., whilst Lovegrove as either of them is better than E. C. Lovegrove and Co., and Lovegrove as E. G. Lovegrove and Co. is the best of the whole lot.

As each of these firms, all that Lovegrove asks is that a deposit of at least 1 per cent. be sent him as cover, for which, on receipt, he will pretend to sell the sender stock up to a certain value. If and when (a most remote contingency, as we shall show) the stock shows a profit of from one-eighth to a quarter per cent., Lovegrove closes the deal, and is ready to start a fresh one. He gives an example of his dealings in each of his circulars as follows:—

> Suppose, for instance, we advise our customer (on Saturday) that his account with us for the following week will be in, say, South-Eastern Deferred on Monday, the opening price of this stock is say 115¾-16, we inform our customer that we have sold him £1,000 South-Eastern Deferred at 116.

He proceeds to say that when the price has risen to 116¼-½ the client will have made a profit of £2 10s.; but his cover will have become exhausted when the stock has declined to 115½-115⅜; and what he omits to point out is that, if the stock remains at 116 as the selling price, the buying price must at the same time be 115¾; in other words, Lovegrove pretends to sell the stock at 116 when this is the selling price, and 115⅜ the buying price. The client makes a profit only when the selling price is 116½ and the buying price 116¼, and he makes a loss directly the selling price is 115¾ and the buying price 115½. In other words, the client can make a profit only if the stock rises ½, and he makes a loss so soon as it drops ¼. As Lovegrove never by any chance advises the purchase of a stock unless he is pretty sure it will fall at once, the client—even without the jobbers' turn against him—loses 99 times out of 100.

The whole trick is quite easy to see through, especially when one remembers that these bucket-shops are never buyers—even on paper—of shares; always sellers. If, upon being urged by them to enter into the purchase of some stock they recommend the intended victim were to reply, "You say you think the stock will improve in price, which means that you will lose whatever profit I would make; now I want to do you a good turn, so I will *sell* you the stock on the same terms you are willing to sell it to me," he would be met with the reply that no business could be done. In effect, the bucket-shop takes up a position which is equivalent to a bookmaker saying he has information that a certain horse will win a race, and is therefore willing—in fact, anxious—to lay odds against his doing so. And yet there are people who would not dream of betting under these circumstances with the bookmaker, who rush into the net so artfully spread out for them by Lovegrove and his tribe!

"ALONE I DID IT!"

"FOUR-FIFTHS OF A SOLDIER."

BY A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

The military clubs and military correspondents are in a hubbub over Lord Lansdowne's speech to the Wiltshire Rifle Association. The old soldier is perfectly furious at the idea of "a d——d fellow, sir, who has never smelt powder, begad, and who tells us about soldiering"; and the military writers in the papers bubble over with angry comments.

Lord Lansdowne made a perfectly simple statement, which is, I believe, well within the truth. His words were: "If the perfectly-trained soldier is represented by ten points, eight of these must be put down to his value as a rifle shot"; a good shot, in fact, "is four-fifths a soldier." That is very much like saying that a prize-fighter's ability consists in the quickness and the hardness of his hitting. In order to make his statement complete, Lord Lansdowne might have added that the other two points should be given to the man who was quick at taking cover and keeping out of the way of his opponents' shots.

Four-fifths to Hitting and One-fifth to Guarding.

But the military correspondents don't agree with this at all. They do not accuse Lord Lansdowne of having forgotten that a soldier should be taught to take cover. No, it is drill and discipline they depend on, and one of them, the military correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, is bold enough to say that the Boer War should have instructed us: "(1) that drill and discipline are more than ever necessary; (2) that decisive victories cannot be won . . . without hard fighting and serious loss of life."

The Blind who will not See.

Now, it appears to the ordinary man that this is simply the reverse of the truth. If the Boer War taught anything at all, it taught that utterly undisciplined farmers who could shoot a bit and ride a bit were a match for five times their number of the best drilled and disciplined troops in the world. Was it drill and discipline that enabled the Boers to cross the Tugela River in the face of the British Army and dump the very guns into the river which the English Army had been trying for hours to get possession of?

Impudent Stupidity.

But I should have said nothing about this article, or a dozen like it, if it had not been that the second lesson of the Boer War, according to the military correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, has found support on all sides, and notably in the *Times'* History of the war. Lord Roberts has been criticised more than once by these quidnuncs because he did not push the frontal attacks home, and here we have the correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* rapping on this same spot. He has the impudence to say: "It is very certain that had the tactics of Talana, Elandslaagte, and Belmont been repeated a few times, the war would have ended within six months, instead of lasting nearly three years."

Lord Kitchener and Frontal Attack.

Now, there was one man in South Africa who believed in the frontal attack and in pushing it home, and that man was Lord Kitchener, who had used the frontal attack against poor Arabs, armed chiefly with spears, and who had found it against such foes very decisive; accordingly, though he had been taught by Lord Roberts to avoid these attacks on Boers, Lord Kitchener, when pursuing Cronje, instituted a frontal attack at Paardeberg, with the consequence that he lost twelve hundred men in two hours without any good result. "But he should have pushed it home," cry the critics, who are emulous of Japanese bravery; and if he had pushed it home he might have lost twelve thousand men and ruined the *morale* of his soldiers. Surely it was better to confine Cronje to his river-bed, as Lord Roberts did, and to bring about his surrender within a week at the cost of a score of lives.

The Lesson of Port Arthur.

If some of these preternaturally brave correspondents of ours would study the Japanese attacks on Port Arthur, they would learn from Mr. Bartlett's book and others that for three months the Japanese officers simply threw away their soldiers' lives in vain attacks on practically impregnable fortresses. The Japanese lost not only thirty thousand men in these attacks, but they shook the nerve of their soldiers and hurt the *morale* of the troops so much that the new recruits had to be kept apart from the men who had already found out how dreadful and how hopeless such attacks were. It was almost by chance that the Japanese won the key of the position. If a certain hill which commanded the harbour had been as well fortified as the others the Japanese might have been outside Port Arthur for three months' longer.

Courage no Longer the First Requisite.

In the fighting races of the world courage is no longer the first requisite. It was just because the Japs believe that success in war depends upon courage, and courage chiefly, that they are not much to be feared. American soldiers criticise their stupidity, and these same soldiers condemn the English soldier for bad shooting and contempt of cover; in other words, they agree with Lord Lansdowne and not with the English correspondents and with the English would-be historians.

It is quite certain that the tactics of Talana and Elandslaagte and Belmont were tried at Magersfontein and at the Modder River, where Lord Methuen was beaten to a standstill. These same tactics, or, rather, brainless want of tactics, were tried again and again by Buller at the Tugela and at Spion Kop until he was beaten to a standstill. As soon as a little brains were used Buller found it quite easy to turn the Boers out of their lines, and Roberts found it just as easy to start Cronje on the run.

Drill and discipline and dogged bravery are not the lessons to teach English soldiers. All those they already lay too great stress upon; they must be taught to shoot, for without that they are worthless, and the common soldiers must be taught to take cover and do spade work to protect themselves, for that they hate, and their generals should be taught to think before they order attacks, which is what ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are absolutely incapable of doing.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

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A SMART SET.

DEAD HEADS BETWEEN THE ACTS.

By Arundale James.

The play was "The Happy Man," about which all London was in raptures.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair came in as the orchestra commenced to earn their money. Mrs. St. Clair was graceful and pretty enough for a photogravure at five guineas a copy. St. Clair was all smiles, as if he never expected it to thunder and lighten again.

"What delightful music," exclaimed the lady.

"Yes," said St. Clair. "The man with the drums is delightful. Would you like a programme? It cost sixpence, and I shall have to give the pretty girl with the flowing head-dress another sixpence for being good enough to supply me with it; but you will find the advertisements most plentiful."

In the middle of a *fortissimo* crash in the music, Lady Claverleigh and Mrs. Smythe Johnson-Johnson sailed into the seats on my left.

"What a dreadful noise," exclaimed Lady Claverleigh, arranging her fan and her lorgnette.

"We are too near the bassoon, I suspect, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Johnson-Johnson. "Do you think he would move to the other end if I asked him?"

"I think not. He does not look an obliging person at all. And he has an awfully red face. I wonder whether he drinks. Well, I declare! Mrs. Jaune is up there in the box, as large as life and twice as natural. It is a mystery to me how she manages to preserve her complex——"

"Sh, dear! The curtain is going up. She does not preserve it at all. She buys it. . . ."

"How do you like the first act, Alured?" asked Mrs. St. Clair. "Is not that a charming dress Miss de l'Estrelle wears? I suppose actresses get them for nothing, or at least very cheaply. They are advertised on the programme, I see."

"Very likely. A rotten act, anyhow. She was divorced from her husband last week. I'm going out (in a whisper) to get a drink."

St. Clair rose. Twenty other men rose with him.

"I wonder they don't widen the theatres," exclaimed Mrs. Johnson-Johnson, with a touch of scorn. "They tread on one's smallest toes abominably, to say nothing of how they treat one's gown. I wonder they don't bring it with them in bottles, or even in jugs, and keep it under the seat till they need it."

"Don't misjudge the men, my dear," replied Lady Claverleigh. "Somebody must go out and buy the chocolates."

"And eat the cloves," added Mrs. Johnson-Johnson. "Do you notice Lord Annerdale? The man in front—ten seats on your left."

"That person with a rather bald appearance at the back?"

"Yes. The lady on his right is his new wife; the other two died young, poor things. She is only twenty-one. He's old enough to be her great-great-grandfather."

"Well, I don't know how she can. It is too utterly too too. And it does not fit—even what there is of it. And golden hair!"

Mrs. Johnson-Johnson focussed her opera glasses. "Golden to half an inch from the roots, my dear."

Lady Claverleigh put up her lorgnette. "Twenty-one—really! I'm sure he can't be old enough to be her great-great-grandfather. Her elder brother, one might say."

"That second act is perfectly enchanting," cried Mrs. St. Clair, clapping her pretty hands.

"Don't do that," reproved St. Clair. "It's not form—not in the stalls. You can enjoy yourself when you pay your shilling for the gallery at a matinée. Would you like some chocolates?"

"Oh, yes, if you please. Get a nice picture on the box."

Once again St. Clair arose to buy chocolates, and seven other men squeezed through after him.

"That's the last of the procession, thank goodness," said Mrs. St. Clair. "I can quite see that I shall have to give my gown to the cook. Ah, how do you do, Lord Daringley? Mrs. Johnson-Johnson—Lord Daringley."

"Awfully charming show, don't you think, Mrs. Johnson-Johnson?"

"Perfectly lovely, though I don't understand it in parts. So charmingly gowned, too."

"And the acting," remarked Lady Claverleigh, "it is so sweet, so delicious, so——"

Half a dozen men were at the end of the row waiting for Lord Daringley to return to his own seat.

"Oh, dear me," interrupted Mrs. Johnson-Johnson, "the curtain's going up. Time does pass so. Must you go, Lord Daringley? Well, of course, if you must, you must."

Lady Claverleigh yawned behind her fan, as the applause marked the end of the third act.

"Dear me" she exclaimed, "I do hope John will not be late with the carriage. I wonder what the play is about. Those horrid men are trooping out again for cloves. I never knew such a run on cloves during one play in the whole course of my life. Dear, dear! That's Mrs. Stretton in the Dress Circle. Never noticed her till now. How she does do her hair! She will be hanging it down her back next. And she's fifty, if a day."

"Oh, charity, my dear, charity! Let us be charitable," responded Mrs. Johnson-Johnson. "Yes, I know the opera cloak. I cannot think how many seasons she has had it. But it certainly cleans well, and looks almost as good as new. What a lot she must save on her pin-money. . . ."

"Oh, how I have enjoyed it," exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair with enthusiasm. "Isn't it good of the manager to send us such splendid seats just for exhibiting the bills outside the shop. I hope James locked up all——"

St. Clair nudged his wife's arm, and said something to her in an undertone. Mrs. St. Clair blushed up to the roots of her hair.

"Well, of all the plays!" said Mrs. Johnson-Johnson, as she and Lady Claverleigh made their way out with the crowd. "I've been bored to death, and I had such a good dinner, too. I do think the manager should be more careful in sending tickets to people on his regular complimentary list. I object strongly to be used to dress the house. It is most——"

"Mrs. Johnson-Johnson's carriage," cried the big man in uniform from the theatre door.

BEWARE.

(After Longfellow's poem of that title)

I know a Politician proud,
Take care!
And he can talk both long and loud.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not!
He is fooling thee.

An old-age pension promised he.
Take care!
For devil a pension will you see.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not!
He is fooling thee.

He's put Chinese Labour on the Rand.
Take care!
Or he'll tax your food with cunning hand.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not!
He is fooling thee.

"Protection" is his hobby now.
Take care!
He forgets those acres and that cow.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not!
He is fooling thee.

His tongue is glib, his phrases good.
Take care!
Or he will tax your daily food.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not!
He is fooling thee.

F. W. T.

1906.

JIM CROW AND HIS CRITICS.

JIM CROW'S REPLY: PISH!

The Prophet Balaam was rebuked by one quadruped only. The Prophet Crow is being subjected to crude criticism from all sorts of Pro-Frogs and Pro-Sausages.

La Politesse Gauloise.

I will pass over the vulgar abuse of a Frenchman, who kindly suggests that, if I dislike Paris, I must have contracted an illness there. He evidently knows his Paris.

He concludes by obscenely comparing me to a cur fouling a noble monument.

Zulu Juice.

Others, who unfortunately bear British names, sneer at me because I admire my native land. Surely it is a very sad sign of the times that there are so many people at large who neglect no opportunity of vilifying their fatherland, blaspheming her honour, and making a mockery of patriotism. A country may be held in honour by its own prophets.

Mr. H. F. Prescott seems to be one of these landless, feckless, cosmopolitan traitors, who ought to be packed off with Mr. Keir-Hardie to stew in Zulu juice.

An Apostle of Vice.

He says we are "horribly ignorant of the social side of life." Let him speak for himself. I can readily believe that a person who holds such views as his may not have been welcomed by society.

Presently it turns out that "the social side of life," according to his limited intelligence, means the white slave traffic of the streets. He says that this is approached with more common-sense by the French because they have C.D. Acts and tolerate houses of ill-fame.

He cannot ever have perambulated French streets, or he would be aware that unfortunates frequent them quite as diligently as Regent Street or Leicester Square.

Nor is the house of ill-fame a final solution of a difficult problem. It reduces its inmates to a state of degradation and slavery, from which escape is well-nigh impossible, whereas the occasional offender, whom hunger may have driven to the streets, may often rise to respectability again.

As for C.D. Acts, they sometimes protect vicious males whose tastes are catholic and democratic. But they lead to police scandals and menace the liberty of the female subject. I shall always oppose them in the Legislature.

A Gay Dog.

Mr. Prescott seems to confuse vice with gaiety. If he were a little older or a little more observant, he would know that a gay woman is not always gay. Indeed, many have found vice monotonous in the extreme.

Tunes on Tap.

He goes on to mumble that music is "just as integral a part of life as politics, religion, and sanitation." He would have it as regular as the water-supply. I wonder whether he is one of the Poplar Bumbles, and whether he proposes to fill our streets with ever-braying barrel-organs? Perhaps he means to organise a free distribution of gramophones at the expense of the unfortunate ratepayers.

Vice for Villages.

He seems to be a parasite of the picture-trade, and desires that every village shall be provided with a gallery of daubs. Villagers who already find it hard enough to pay for bread are to be robbed of their hard earnings to keep the cheapjacks of alleged art. If gaiety be essential and if vice be gaiety, why not ask the Government for a grant in aid of village brothels?

Wormwood versus Vinegar.

Mr. Prescott stumbles upon a truth when he says that the reduction of public-houses would not put down intemperance. But he only reveals his abysmal ignorance when he lauds the abstemiousness of the French. No doubt their thin vinegary wines disturb the stomach rather than the head, but how many Frogs are driven to lunacy and crimes of violence by the inordinate consumption of absinthe? Why, nearly every French townsman habitually soaks himself with that foul drug.

The Right Elevation.

To defeat betting, Mr. Prescott proposes to "delve at the springs of action, not suppress its phenomena." No doubt that would be an entertaining exercise, but he omits to divulge the rules of the game. He wants to "elevate the human heart." I should like to elevate his wooden head on a pike at Temple Bar.

Dull and Drunken.

Why? because he has the monstrous impudence to assert that "the English are dull and drunken." The perpetration of such a foolish falsehood ought long ago to have been restrained by his friends, if he have any. If he were not a dangerous madman, if he were even a healthy biped, he would surely know that the British are the wisest and wittiest, as well as the bravest and most glorious members of the whole human race. Stealing someone else's thunder, he styles us "egregious." Well, we are egregious in the literal sense of the word—chosen out of the flock (*e grege*) to receive the most bountiful gifts of Providence. He is egregious, too, but in another sense: egregiously asinine.

Snubs for the Pro-Frogs.

If I dally much longer with Mr. Prescott, I shall risk the loss of my temper. I will content myself with a reference to his charge that we are ridiculous because "we don't know what to do with our daughters." No doubt he would like to place them in houses of ill-fame. As a matter of fact, we do know what to do with them. We bring them up as honest, useful, God-fearing members of society. Very likely they snub a Pro-Frog. Hence his impudent and ignorant lamentations.

Mr. Crow's Modesty.

I have not left much space for pulverising Mr. D. V. Kelly. But (D.V.) he shall be gratified with a parting kick. "How immeasurably high," he protests, "do Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven seem compared to (*sic.*) Jim Crow." It is not for a modest man like myself to deny this assertion, though I fail to see how Mr. D. V. Kelly has contrived to acquaint himself with my musical proficiency and my affection for beer. At any rate, I am not so noisy as Wagner, whom a French singer summed up as "mince de courants d'air."

Sausages and Soap.

Mr. Kelly is proud of the cleanliness of Berlin streets, the outside of the Prussian platter, but he says nothing about the biennial bath. What! Not know Mrs. Kelly?

Selah!

Oh! let me forget the hounds which have snarled at my heels, for a breeze of Paradise blows from the garden, and behold I am happy with my jug of wine and my beloved.

ANOTHER THRUST AT JIM CROW.

In selecting the two rejoinders to Jim Crow, published last week, we overlooked the following trenchant protest from Mr. H. M. Murphy, of Leeds. We have shown it to our contributor, so that he may deal with it, if he likes.

Talk of criticism without rancour or rant! Why, no raving Anabaptist of Cromwell's army ever ranted in his whole lifetime to the extent exhibited by Jim Crow, in his two articles on France and Germany. One is led to assume instantly that your contributor has never seen a real German or Frenchman, still less visited either country.

Nations which have produced such novelists and dramatists as Dumas, Hugo, Molière, Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, and Heine, cannot be accused of possessing a pedantic literature or "jejune" art; nor are scientists such as Lavoisier, Kirchoff, Emil Fischer, and hundreds of others, especially Germans, signs of much intellectual decadence. Worst of all, to stigmatise German music as mere noise, shows a lamentable ignorance of the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, and Chopin (who was trained in the German school of music). The article seems to show that Jim Crow is "cute" enough to recognise the Germans as the dangerous rivals they are—not, however, by the practice of underhand means, but the application of that very commonsense he derides to the problems of scientific education. Believe me, the publication of such "gallery play" can have no beneficial effect on the prosperity of your paper; nay, rather will it be a hindrance and stumbling-block to its circulation among those Englishmen who have a respect for their name. I, therefore, beg to suggest, with all humility, the immediate throttling of your contributor.

[I never said frogs were pedantic. I wish they were. Many of the names mentioned are neither those of French nor Germans. Dumas was a negro, Heine, a Jew.]

BULL'S EYES.

The leech has three jaws, each fitted with about eighty teeth. Presuming it to get a good hold, some light is thrown on the meaning of the horseleech's daughter, when uttering her oft-quoted, "Give, give."

Parliamentary Blue Books were first issued in 1681. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" They were, however, not sold until 1836. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

"*Madame Albani* has performed before Royalty oftener than any other singer who ever lived," we read. We are unable to trace the number of performances by those who never lived.

The "Ladies' Pictorial" thinks that it would be a good idea if hostesses made it a rule that at their dinner tables the discussion of diseases, diet, and health resorts were taboo. This is contrary to the forethought of the American hostess who, when appendicitis was the fashion, always provided a clergyman, so that any suddenly indisposed guest could be opened with prayer.

Feminism is apparently triumphant in France. There are many women doctors and women barristers. We should be pleased to supply France with a few suffragettes.

The "Era" thinks that the indirect preaching of the English drama is as pure as it is powerful. In consequence of this statement several Sunday schools have petitioned that their annual treat may take place at the Gaiety.

A gentleman angling from Southend Pier fished up a ladies' bathing costume. He doubtless caught it with baited breath.

Among other delightful sights, the German Editors were shown the Council Chamber and the relics of the Corporation. By a strange oversight they were not taken to see Stepney Gas Works or the Regent's Park Canal.

In connection with the Camberley murder, a contemporary heads a paragraph, "Police Intelligence." What a discovery!

A contemporary gravely states that an ice cream expert has invented an edible menu which can be eaten with sweets. Some people can swallow anything.

The American Tailors' Association is going to try and prevent Mr. Winter, the London military accoutrement expert, from landing in New York. Evidently the tailors are afraid that the advent of Mr. Winter would mean a frost.

Mr. Owen Seaman is interesting himself in a new drink cure. An appropriate occupation for the Editor of *Punch*.

The ballet made its appearance at the Opera the other evening after an absence of forty years. The favourites of the front row received an ovation—they looked younger than ever.

At a recent Army examination none of the candidates could say what were the names of the present Government. It is probable, however, that by this time they have heard of a gentleman called Haldane.

A hundred and fifty bank clerks of Buda-Pesth have challenged one man to duels. With such an array of mathematical experts the challenged man's account should soon be settled.

Two Scotsmen in the pit of a Glasgow theatre saw a joke the other night and have not yet recovered. When we add that it was a musical comedy the excitement in Glasgow may be imagined.

The proceeds of the sale of the refreshments at the Ellen Terry matinée were added to the fund. Several actors were observed to pay for their own drinks on this occasion, and the original coins are expected to realise large prices amongst collectors.

It is most inconsiderate towards Mr. Keir Hardie that the two remaining Zulu chiefs, Mesini and Ndhlovukatimuni, should have surrendered.

The Twopenny Tube exhibits, as is well known, Scriptural texts in its lifts, and in this connection we note that to one which reads, "The wages of sin is death," some wag has added: "The wages of the C.L.R. is a d——d side worse."

Grantham wept. Then Joe. Now it is the crocodile's turn.

S. P. O'T. told a friend he was going to Paris on business. "Shall you take your wife with you?" "Begorra, my dear chap, when I go to Munich, do I take my beer with me?"

"*How did you know* I was an Israelite?" Mr. Joel inquired.
"Why it is as plain as the nose on your face."

After living for five days, the *Majority* joined the majority.

We understand that the following is the programme which Mrs. Williams performed at the concert she recently gave to a lion, who held her captive in South Dakota for an entire night:—

Let Me Sing - - - - -	Frank Leo.
I'm Afraid—and Why - - -	Leighton.
Do a Good Turn, when You're Able -	Murray.
Give Me a Ticket to Heaven - -	Le Brunn.
I'm Tired - - - - -	Schwartz.
I'm Goin'—I'm Goin'—I'm Gone -	Collins.

When she had finished the last song her husband appeared and released her from the lion's embrace, by shooting him.

A young woman who expressed a deep yearning to marry Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been removed to St. George's Infirmary Lunacy Ward. The magistrate appears to have assumed a great deal; but it is understood that he did not intend to cast any reflections on Mr. Chamberlain.

One of the ladies' papers states that every man may be said to have been born to support somebody else's daughter. And, very often, somebody else's mother also; one never knows his luck.

"*Have Actors Swelled Heads?*" is the title of an article in one of the Pearsonian publications. Frankly, we don't know. But some of them certainly strut about in tremendous hats.

A Professor of Finance has been appointed to the Birmingham University. It is all very well to profess it; but the question is: What is he making in the way of salary?

The defendant at the Bow County Court who has been ordered to pay a debt of £35 at the rate of sixpence a week has no cause to grumble. At the end of rather more than a quarter of a century he will find himself paying his last instalment if he is alive, and the plaintiff will find himself getting it if he isn't dead. This is what is known as having a fine time of it.

According to one of the sex which is not ours, it is safer for a woman to break nine-tenths of the commandments than to trust herself to an inferior dressmaker. And sometimes, to obtain that dressmaker, she even ventures to break the other tenth.

Fort Montefiore was captured during the temporary absence of its feminine defender, and £15 worth of goods extracted by the King's bailiff. The goods have been disposed of by auction. Mrs. Montefiore's resistance to the tax collector therefore turns out to have been a complete sell.

"*Diamonds are dearer.*" As a consequence, it is anticipated that fewer people will be able to sparkle in society.

A poor "out-of-work" got six weeks' imprisonment for annexing twelve fowls belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. It is hard lines on the Duke—no more new-laid, but shop 'uns now.

The Opposition hope to win every bye-election by the plentiful use of motors. They have a keen appreciation of their killing qualities.

A clergyman, speaking at Liverpool, said that the greatest of woman's charms are those that have to be sought rather than advertised. Some sky pilots are very daring in their flights.

In Marylebone workhouse the old ladies are required to go to bed at 6.30 p.m. What keeps them up so late? But, then, Bridge is very attractive to the leisured class!

Certain spots not hitherto visible are showing on the sun. He must be feeling the heat, of course, like the rest of us.

A district of Hull has one "public" to every eight inhabited houses. In that region we believe they are not downhearted.

The summer sales for the ladies are on, and in consequence some of the summer sails later on for the men will be off.

Hosts of correspondents were at sea with the blue fleet. Some are still at sea as to what it was all about.

A certain hotel advertises its "cold meat table." We have heard of a cold meat pie, and of the man in the workhouse who used to eat bundles of firewood, but we had no idea that things had developed to such a pitch.

Taken as a whole, the English climate is the best in the world, says the *Strand Magazine*. It is only the weather that is bad.

It has come out in evidence during the Poplar Inquiry that a feminine Guardian, Mrs. Wilson, threatened to punch the nose of another Guardian, Mr. Diamond, and subsequently proceeded with the programme. This is another argument for the suffragettes. Wherever they go they make an impression. They should be known as the Hittites.

The Carlton, with its live trout show tank, is treading on the 'eels of the live eels that wriggle in the shops down our alley.

Caruso says he does not intend to appear at Covent Garden again for less than £400 a night. He is tired of being sweated at £320 per evening.

A contemporary complains that the L.C.C. are wasting time. It might have been worse.

JOHN BULL *has secured* the exclusive copyright of the two-year-old traveller's experiences.

A barrister, a solicitor, and a clergyman were among the prisoners charged with drunkenness at Tower Bridge. A brief story more legal than religious.

"*Left for Russia*, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin," says our morning journal. No wonder; we should do the same.

Mr. Keir Hardie will have to be more keerful and less foolhardy.

London is still a very countrified place, after all. One hundred thousand trees are now being sold in Tottenham Court Road. A bootmaker is the vendor.

Someone in the know says Miss Musgrove, an Englishwoman, has made little Prince Olaf of Norway a present of a beautiful little island, near Hardanger Fjord, on the coast of Norway. We also hear that Mr. Jones, a Welshman, has made the City of Galway, in Ireland, a present of a beautiful piece of water, called the Atlantic.

Mustapha Kamel Pasha has been complaining to the *Figaro*. He has evidently got the hump.

Collections in churches are illegal according to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates. So is betting in the street, yet no one hears of the Archbishop being run in.

The President of the Local Government Board is said to be a very powerful swimmer. That is why he has always been able to keep his head above water..

There are now two ex-railway guards in Parliament, Mr. Hudson and Mr. Bell. The latter was for years in charge of a goods train. Both have risen in the world, coming up as they have from a good strain.

It is possible to live next door to a man, and yet he need not be to the north, east, south, or west of you—if you both live in flats, and he is upstairs.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."—The Blood being the source from which our systems are built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, it is imperative that it be kept pure.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

For cleansing and clearing the blood of all impurities, **from whatever cause arising.** Clarke's Blood Mixture cannot be too highly recommended. It has over 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason for this being because it does what it professes to do—**cures, and cures permanently.**

ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCURVY, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, BOILS, PIMPLES, SPOTS, BLOTCHES, BLACKHEADS, SORES OF EVERY KIND, BLOOD POISON, GLANDULAR SWELLING, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GOUT, &c.

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to the taste and **warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution** of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial, to test its value. Thousands of testimonials have been received from all parts of the world. Read the following proof of its efficacy.

ABSCESSES CURED.

Mrs. Clark, of 40, North-street, Tunbridge Wells, writes: Gentlemen,—I had been suffering from abscesses for many years and after taking four bottles of your Blood Mixture am perfectly cured, and have not had the slightest sign of them since. My little boy also was suffering from the same disease. After giving him two bottles of your medicine he was cured, although at the time he was such an awful sight that I was ashamed for anyone to see him, abscesses being all over his body. You can make whatever use of this testimonial you feel disposed, so that it may reach other poor sufferers far and near, as I think it a remedy that everyone should know.

SUFFERERS will find it to their advantage to write to us, in confidence, fully describing their illness; we shall be pleased to give them the best advice, *free of charge*. We will also send copies of many additional testimonials. Write to-day, and address the Secretary, Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln.

PERMANENTLY CURES

SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2s. 9d. per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s. sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

J. H. B. (Merton Park) thinks our open letter to Lord Northcliffe is "good public work," and asks whether there is not a public censor for literature as well as plays. There is not, and personally we should be sorry to see such an official appointed, preferring to trust to the power of public opinion in such a matter. Our correspondent presses us to bring the matter to the attention of Parliament. That is another thing altogether, and we will certainly consider it.

"Segno" (Battersea) asks "Why not register and license detective inquiry offices, making them pay an annual fee of, say, £20?" He also suggests that bookmakers should be licensed, and prohibited from making bets under 5s.—thus keeping them clear of small boys and very poor persons. We are afraid the present House of Commons is too "goody-goody" to entertain either of these very sensible suggestions.

"Walworth" and others send us numerous copies of advertisements, issued under various aliases, by J. A. Davis and Co., whose methods we have already exposed. There can be no question, the scandal is a serious one, and we shall take an early opportunity of calling the attention of the authorities to it.

A. H. B. (Sandown, I.W.) brings to our notice the advertisement of a wonderful fieldglass, which "will show a bullet mark at 1,000 yards or spot a winner any distance." It is supposed to be an 8-guinea binocular, but will be sacrificed for 50s., and will be sent on approval for ten days. Anyone desirous of securing this unique bargain is to write to "Captain A," care of an advertising agent. The remarkable part of the business is that "Captain A" has apparently been inserting this advertisement in the "Sportsman" and other papers for months past. It is an obvious swindle.

A. H. B. also sends us a printed postcard, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy," which he believes has been sent to him by the local vicar, because his family sometimes plays tennis on a Sunday afternoon. Evidently the vicar has a large number of "Sabbath-breakers" in his parish, or he would not go to the trouble of keeping a supply of these postcards in stock. Personally, we do not think "A. H. B." need worry himself at all; he had better have postcards addressed to the vicar with another text upon it, "The Sabbath was made for man."

F. S. Russell (Barmouth) sends us a specimen of the methods adopted by the British Watch Company, of St. John's Square, London, about whom we have also received many other complaints. It appears Mr. Russell's daughter, aged 15, was astonished to get a letter stating that she had been "placed on the list of fortunate persons who are to receive a gold-finished, hinge-back watch—lady's or gentleman's size." Then follows a picture of the watch and an intimation that upon sending 4s. 11d. the wonderful timepiece would be forwarded, together with a gold-finished chain, and gold-finished adjustable pencil warranted to keep perfect time (!) She is then urged to "avail herself of this good luck within twelve days, otherwise the letter will be void," etc., etc., etc. We quite agree with Miss Russell's father that "this is a most impudent trap for the unwary."

W. H. Adsett (Great Queen Street) draws our attention to the defective market arrangements of the Metropolis, and to the monopolies still enjoyed by the Duke of Bedford and other privileged persons. We hope the time is coming when full effect will be given to the labours of the late Mr. Bradlaugh's Markets' Commission.

"Cosmopolitan" says he has read every word of our issues up to the present, but takes exception to our reference to the recent thanksgiving service for the escape of the King and Queen of Spain, and our suggestion that a little thought might have been given to the poor creatures who were actually killed. He thinks our remarks are calculated to hurt the feelings of our Catholic readers. We trust this is not the case, and feel sure that on reflection they will see the incongruity of thanks given for sparing only the royal element of the crowd, amongst which the anarchists' bombs were thrown, and of ignoring altogether the unfortunate victims of the dastardly outrage.

Joseph Bannister, our old friend, sends us a characteristic letter, in which he says "the Czar's Government is no more responsible for the occasional killing of a few Yiddish harpies and bomb-throwers by Russian mobs, than is the United States Government for the lynching of negro rapists by American mobs." We always like to hear from Mr. Bannister—who, by the way, ends up his letter with this imaginary conversation between Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and the King. "Sir Henry: 'To get the Aliens' Act through the Upper House you must create 400 new peers.' His Majesty: 'Very well; write to Frankfort and tell them to send some over at once.'"

W. W. (Birkenhead) disputes the title of King Edward "to usurp to himself the numeral VII., as he is by every law Edward I." We are afraid it is rather too late in the day now to raise the point.

W. H. Herington (South Lambeth) sends us extracts from "An Apology for a Preface" from the first number of the "John Bull Magazine," published in July, 1824. This is the last verse:—

"Long may it flourish, all humbug despising,
Laughing at blockhead, ass, goose, and num-skull;
Honouring talent, good fellowship prizing,
So success to our new magazine, the 'John Bull.'"

Miss Marsden (West Kensington) calls our attention to the fact that in a recent article, by a slip, it was suggested that ladies should give their "head-gear" frequent doses of sun and air. We are not quite sure, however, that the suggestion is a bad one. Perhaps Miss Marsden will think the matter over further.

A MacD. (Oban) tells us he is a R.C.C., but for some years past has been most unjustly treated by his Bishop. We are afraid the matter is one in which we cannot be of any service.

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"MEDICAL MAGAZINE."

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RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Bob Fowler—Horticulturist.

Many of us among racegoers are lovers of Nature and skilled amateur gardeners, although to the bigoted the "racing man" would be condemned as illiterate and unemotional. But in truth there is no bigger-hearted soul or cultured sentimentalist than your better-class race attendant. Ascot's aristocratic associations are proverbial, Goodwood's glories sung more than they are realised, but for true riparian beauty, for a wealth of floral bloom and natural magnificence, give me the club lawn at Lingfield Park, as we saw it at the July meeting recently. The weighing-room, the whole of the stands and edifices in and around the place are literally smothered with multi-coloured roses, and those (and their name is legion) who indulged in the social side of Lingfield, listening to a superb band, basking under the shelter of the trees, and making the whole thing an al-fresco tea or garden party, were equally entertained to those to whom the running pure and simple is the alpha and omega of a race meeting.

Cute.

Every inducement is to be offered to foreign horses to compete at the big open races at Baden Baden this summer, and failing winning a prize, an indemnity of 20 sovs. will be paid towards travelling expenses by the executive.

A Neat Trick.

A defaulting bookmaker at Gatwick played a clever ruse. Failing to "pay out" on the first day, he did not cease betting or bolt, but telling his creditors that he had run out of cash, gave the usual promise to "send it on," and took all their addresses. He turned up the following afternoon, but in lieu of handing over the cash showed them all official receipts for registered letters, vowing that the money had been posted to them. Thus "quietened," they let him bet the whole of that afternoon, but the registered letters, which came duly to hand later—contained nothing.

Our Greatest Sportsman.

Racing is a gigantic business nowadays, being followed by the very highest in the land, so that it needs protection more than any other branch of sport. How genuine is the love of King Edward VII. for all that is best in racing is well known to those who have had the opportunity of noting that he is generally one of the first to appear on Newmarket Heath to watch the morning work of his horses, and how keenly it interests him. He is fond of a game of billiards, and has always been partial to watching the best professional play, being present at the first ever-memorable match for the championship between John Roberts, sen., and W. Cook in 1870. The King rarely misses his Newmarket.

Rich Races.

Each week of late has had its events worth thousands, all unquestioned failures, having regard to their value and the expectancy in unison. It is quite a lottery how they will go, not alone in original entry, but in the actual race years later, and eventually such events usually cost the executive heavily. It is not unnatural, as the promoters stand to be shot at, they must put up the money, and cannot govern the nominations—much less the forfeits at later stages. In my opinion, many of our races—two-year-old events, the classics, and most substantial stakes—close much too prematurely. Double or treble the entrance fee, if necessary, but do bring the date of entry somewhere near the day of running, and not compel haphazard nomination entirely in the dark. Owners would prefer a more common-sense method of knowing what their yearlings or two-year-olds were, and gladly pay higher entrance fees, rather than be compelled to take the absolute lottery of guesswork. The scheme works the other way too, for it would prevent a patrician owner's whole "fleet" of nominations being voided by his death, and thus cause a heavy deficit to the fund. The recent Lingfield Park Plate won by Black Arrow entailed a loss of £1,700 upon the executive, but one-third of this was brought about through the numerous nominations to the stake originally made by the late Sir J. Blundell Maple, the late Prince Soltykoff, and the late Captain McCalmont.

The Way Not to Start.

If anything ever proved the advantage—nay, *necessity*—of a walk-up start, despite the recent "instructions" of the Jockey Club, it was the much-discussed dispatch of the field for this very race at Lingfield. A body of thoroughbred horses, under colours, mostly ridden with spurs, and with instinct and experience of what a start for a race means, cannot be made to stand as statues by any rule of racing, by whatsoever means are adopted, or by anyone on earth who attempts it. The starter may even think it is so, but some of the number, more or less, are bound to be on the move—pressing forward or hanging back; a perfect start is a matter of impossibility—even a good start is wholly an accident of luck. Mr. Coventry's ability is unequalled, his experience of the greatest, his ultra-caution and care his one fault. From the stands, at an acute angle, Black Arrow appeared to get a flying start, but the facts are a direct denial. The horse had "fly jumped" when a few paces behind his field, but Lynham had just checked him as the barrier rose, so that he was actually half turned round, and the positive truth is that he was half a length *behind* Buckminster, on his left, for the first six strides. He is a quick-actioned horse, so after going 50 yards he then led, for a brief time only. The double-barrelled objection lodged never held the slightest chance of being sustained, and has evoked the loudest universal condemnation as most unsportsmanlike, especially having regard to the positive fact that Sancy—who had every chance—could not have beaten Black Arrow *that* day had he received 50 yards start. Mr. "Willie" Bass is such a fine all-round sportsman—an active participant, not a mere paymaster—that I should not have believed that he wrote out and signed the protest but for having seen it. Can there be truth in the weighing-room gossip that he is so much influenced—I almost said dominated—by another more experienced and commercial owner training in the stable?

Traquair.

The Sandown performance of Lord Rosebery's crack indisputably settled the much-debated question as to whether he was, or was not, a good horse. When he won the Woodcote at Epsom the big chestnut was astoundingly lucky to get through on the inside, whilst he beat "nothing" in Cynosure and Ulpian, as subsequent running has proved. Similarly, in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot the opposition was of the poorest, and even good judges averred that he was a long while beating The Welkin, none too easily, for the July Stakes. But it was not so much what he did last Saturday at Sandown, but under what circumstances, that stamps him as a really high-class juvenile—for none other could have accomplished what he did—in such sensational manner, so cleverly, and after the loss of so much start and expenditure of energy at post. He was quite six lengths behind after a furlong, and, unbelievable as it would appear to those not eye-witnesses, Traquair had won his race at three furlongs easier than was the case at the finish. Ayrshire rarely begets a chestnut—Traquair is the best horse the sturdy little bay has ever sired. He is a great big angular golden-chestnut, with a blaze face and white hind heels. Fine upstanding animal though he is, there is a distinct

"coachiness" about him—he has two good "ends," and is narrow in his middlepiece. Growing up to his great frame, he will next year be a tremendous dray-horse.

Farcical English Justice.

To an unbiassed mind there can be nothing more ridiculous than the attack upon sport, and particularly racing men, by delegates of the Church. It is as ridiculous and as unfair as would be the presumptuous interference by racing men with the manner in which these reverend gentlemen conduct their services. Both are equally ignorant of the duties, experiences, and needs of the other. The Churchmen, narrow-minded and un-English in every possible phase, as they show, have for hundreds of years invariably led a crusade against sport, that in which they never mix, but against which and betting, they raise the most hallowed outcry. What the trend of the present Government even is, is shown by the rapturous reception accorded to a deputation of the clergy relative to the threatened Betting Bill, and by the offhand promise, based upon their ex parte statements, of the Government's support to their dastardly and obviously class measure. In contrast, the Home Secretary has refused to receive a deputation from the National Sporting League, who, as representatives of the much-maligned betting man himself, and betting men themselves, would be able to state the facts and the needs of a vast sporting army, rather than the inflated imaginations of those who joyously announce that they have never had a bet in their lives. It would be much more befitting the broadcloth if they attended to matters which are fairly within their province and denomination, taking care that none ordained promote bazaars or lotteries or indulge in risky commercial speculation themselves. Better still would it be if they did not so repeatedly appeal to the denounced and maligned sporting man, and for their most holy objects gladly accept their contributions much in excess in amount of those who figure among the "shocked."

The Eclipse.

Sandown's big stake has had its fluctuations, and it has never equalled either in class, attendance, or excitement Bendigo's success in its year of initiation, now twenty seasons back, and this despite its being the wettest day that the present generation have ever experienced upon a racecourse. Those whose memory hardly carries them so far may accord Ard Patrick's year the palm. Anyhow, whatever anniversary one picks, nothing could equal in mediocrity last week-end's, when the moderate but excessively fortunate Llangibby proved himself incalculably superior at weight for age to a bunch of three year olds. In racing we all say that luck runs in grooves, so that a stable, a trainer, or a jockey is either "doing everything wrong" or right at one time. Gilpin's luck and Maher's extraordinary fortune are remarkably on the flood tide, in fact, as was the case with Madden last season in big handicaps, the season's chief stakes seem literal "benefits" for the very popular American jockey. No horse has actually won the Eclipse Stakes easier than did Llangibby, and yet its record shows no animal which upon appearances, questionable soundness, or general character or ability, less deserves to figure in the list. Some say that Llangibby was unlucky not to have won last year (but what sort of form it was Cicero has since shown)—he was horribly badly beaten in the St. Leger, for which, however, there was every excuse, as he broke down in the race. His condition was such that he was in the veterinary's hands in his box on the course for several weeks afterwards, and it was only about a month ago that Gilpin really got him on his legs again. Llangibby is a mousey-coloured, somewhat angular chestnut, who still, at times, goes lame—needs his injured limb to be supported in bandages, and has to wear a hood to make him run straight. Truly this is not a glorious picture of an Eclipse Stakes winner to follow in the wake of Flying Fox, St. Frusquin, Persimmon, Ard Patrick, and many old-time cracks.

Sandown's Boycott.

There is no disguising the difference which the boycott of the Racehorse Owners' Association is making to Sandown in its attendance and fields, and not alone will this be the case at the moment, but it must materially affect all future entries closing at the present time. Whatever the eventual outcome, there can be no question but that almost everybody agrees with all that the Association claims, but many object to the methods which they employed as being too sudden and too drastic. Can it be a little modicum of reparation that the Jockey Club have suddenly—and it may be said unreasonably—taken Hurst Park's biggest and most popular date in August and given it to Sandown, who never claim to have been, or to be, the rendezvous of the outside public—as does Hurst—nor to have the all-round facilities of approach upon a holiday occasion.

The Prophetic.

As we see so repeatedly just now, racing can hardly hold its own when one individual meeting is in progress, so that the continuous clashing this week must be a subject of general regret, and unquestioned loss of profit to the different executives. Southerners, of course, would not dream of leaving accessible Windsor and excellent Newbury, for far-off Liverpool, where the programme is none too promising, despite its monetary value.

The Cup in particular, after its stage of acceptance, has been cut down to a very second-rate handicap with some six or seven runners. Diagnosis of the form of the few starters is unnecessary. Dinneford, had he won a race worth £500, would have been mulcted in a 10lb. penalty, but by the extraordinary conditions, as his success, over Llangibby too, was achieved in a £10,000 stake, the penalty is but 6lb., which alone would suffice to spoil the race. My belief, however, is that the Llangibby who ran at Newmarket and the winner of the Eclipse Stakes—from a really "rotten" field—were not one and the same animal, and as Dinneford must be at a very cramped price, those who back the hitherto unlucky but consistent Best Light each way will most probably have the best of the settling. If ever there was a horse that ought to have won his race it was Woodspring at Sandown, which the Windsor results will doubtless confirm, and Isabelita, too, was considered "good" when runner-up recently at Haydock Park. Escott is too shrewd to bet without reason, which again Windsor will doubtless show.

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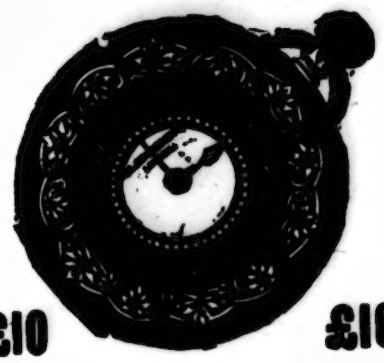

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